

THE CANADIAN FORUM

Twenty-Eighth Year of Issue

November 1948

Storms Brewing

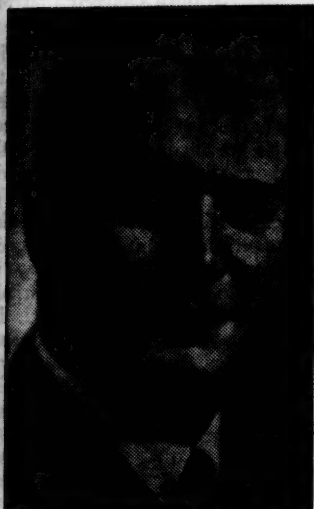
Andrew Hebb

► THE NEW DOMINION LEADER of the Progressive-Conservatives, George Alexander Drew, is perhaps overestimated by his friends and certainly underrated by his foes. Reported inability to understand those who do not think

as he thinks and inability to accept criticism — except from his wife — are capital shortcomings in one who seeks country-wide support and aspires to govern diversified Canada. If it is indeed true that Mrs. Drew can, and does, take the new leader to task effectively, and if she continues to campaign with him, she may enable him to hear and see things to which otherwise he would be deaf and blind. Mr. Drew was too long unmarried — forty-two years — for his own political good, but he has now enjoyed twelve years as a family man.

His wife, speaking

French as one of several languages at her command, won some French-language seats for Mr. Drew in this year's Ontario election. She may win some seats in Quebec. She was formerly Fiorenza D'Arneiro Johnson of Guelph, daughter of Edward Johnson of the Metropolitan Opera. Mr.



GEORGE DREW

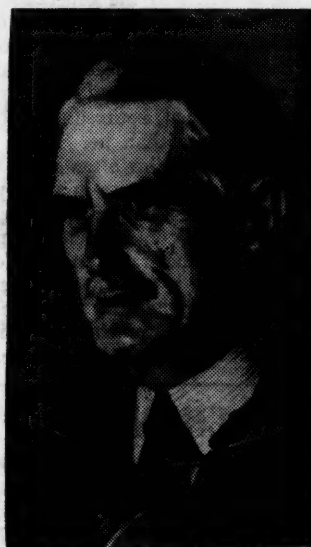
Dean of Critics

Northrop Frye

► THE DEATH of Pelham Edgar removes from the scene the greatest public figure in Canadian literature. This seems the best title to give him, as he was so much more than a critic, even than the "dean of Canadian critics," as Mr. A. J. M. Smith calls him. He certainly was a critic, and a very good one, in his own right. Many years before the present uproar over Henry James began, he produced a pioneering study of James described recently by an English reviewer as "still unrivalled for clarity." But in Canada he was, besides a great teacher, a personal influence of a unique kind. This was partly because he brought a very cosmopolitan point of view to bear on Canadian literature — he knew French literature, which he originally taught, as well as English — but even more because he had a flair for discerning Canadian talent that at times verged on the uncanny.

For instance, one of his first acts as Professor of English in Victoria College was to remove a young man named Pratt from psychology and take him into his department. Pratt had at that time written nothing, but his new chief thought perhaps he might some day. Later, he brought Marjorie Pickthall to the library; then he befriended Raymond Knister, who would have been one of Canada's best poets and novelists if he had lived longer. He also turned down an application for a job in the French department from Ezra Pound.

(Continued overleaf)



PELHAM EDGAR
—from the portrait by Allan Barr.

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DEAN OF CRITICS—continued

He belonged to the generation of Roberts, Carman and D. C. Scott, and was an intimate friend of all of them, as well as providing critical standards for them. He was in a unique position to feel the maturing and developing of Canadian literature, and as he grew older in years he grew younger in spirit, because the people he helped got progressively younger than he. For a great teacher, retirement from active teaching often seems to wrench the king-pin out of life, and bring death in a few years. Not so with Pelham Edgar. "I have a naturally retiring disposition," he remarked demurely, and continued to organize the Canadian Authors' Association and raise money for indigent authors while holding down a very responsible job in the Censorship at Ottawa during the war. When he was born, Canadian literature was nothing much; today, it's not bad. He had a lot to do with making the difference.

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STORMS BREWING—continued

Drew was born in Guelph in 1894, the grandson of a member of Canada's first post-Confederation parliament.

As an athlete, he played for Varsity against McGill in senior football in the autumn of 1914 before he went overseas as an artilleryman. He was wounded in 1916, spent two years in hospital, and made an unexpectedly good recovery. Admitted to the bar in 1920, he served three years as a Guelph alderman and then a year as mayor. He became assistant master and then master of the Ontario supreme court.

It was during his tenure of office as chairman of the Ontario securities commission from 1931 to 1934 that Mr. Drew attained national prominence, but not in that capacity. He had become a successful journalist and after-dinner speaker. On one occasion a man was jailed for ten days as a result of an investigation by the security commission. A court ordered his release on the grounds that he was only the scapegoat for the real offenders. A Conservative newspaper suggested that Mr. Drew might devote more time to his work, but hoped that the prisoner had had the compensation of reading Mr. Drew's articles and speeches while he was detained. It added: "It is true he might have been worried by Colonel Drew's ridiculing of the practice of churches engaging in prayer in times of trouble." When Mr. Hepburn came into office and his attorney-general, Mr. Roebuck, fired Mr. Drew, Mr. Hepburn charged that Mr. Drew had licensed ten ex-convicts.

By this time Mr. Drew had gained a wide following with magazine articles on whether Canada or the United States had won the first world war, and on the darkening international situation. His detractors were calling him "pacifist." Political opponents who are inclined to write off the new Conservative leader as a blundering militarist who stumbled accidentally into office at Queen's Park would do well to read some of Mr. Drew's articles of the early thirties. In the light shed by the disintegrating atom it would appear that Mr. Drew saw into the future rather clearly. He was on courageous if unpopular ground in his charges that Britain, the United States, France, Italy were not keeping their disarmament pledges. He told how Germany was circumventing her armament limitations and was potentially a powerful military nation. He stressed the possibilities of the League of Nations, and pleaded that Canada should demand disarmament and an international police force. In 1938 Mr. Drew attacked the Canadian government for permitting private industry to manufacture and to profiteer in munitions.

The subsequent Bren gun charges, like the Hong Kong charges, and his criticism of the conduct of the war in Europe, kept Mr. Drew continuously in the centre of controversy. Indeed, it would almost seem that Mr. Drew had been looking for trouble and notoriety ever since Mr. Roebuck fired him as securities commissioner. He replied with a libel suit against Mr. Roebuck's secretary. He has been defendant and plaintiff in several libel actions, spent six days in a Russian jail for using a camera, was charged

(Continued on page 173)

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

RONALD BATES is in the School of Graduate Studies, University of Toronto . . . PHILIP AMSDEN, who lives in Nelson, B.C., contributed an article, "Memories of Emily Carr," to our issue of December, 1947 . . . H. S. FERNS, of St. Vital, Man., has been a frequent contributor.

THE CANADIAN FORUM

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The War of Words

The United Nations Assembly was convened at a time of crisis, and the tension shows no sign of abating, although a greater unity of purpose among the "majority nations" has appeared. As in past meetings, the first manoeuvre of the U.S.S.R. was to distract attention from immediate questions by opening a broad general proposal, complete with propaganda barrage. This time it was a suggestion that armaments be reduced by one third during the forthcoming year—a magnificent proposal, if the facts about Russian armaments were as open to public scrutiny as those of western countries. The Assembly and the Committees have shown more capacity for dealing with such tactics, and the stiffening of western resistance to the Russian atomic proposals is a good example. The smaller nations are not convinced when Vishinsky asserts that "international control under the United States plan would be an American agency": the Russian attack on American imperialism is losing its force through sheer repetition.

The use of UN by Russia as a propaganda organ is more-over proving to be a boomerang. For, at long last, the western nations are beginning to subject Russia's internal affairs to the same kind of examination as the British Empire and the United States have hitherto endured. Previously, the Russians felt that they could safely exploit western guilt feelings; now the spotlight is being turned on slave labor camps, racial discrimination and economic injustice within the U.S.S.R. itself. Perhaps the recognition that the propaganda weapon cuts both ways caused Vishinsky not to absent his person as well as his feelings from the Berlin debate in the Security Council.

But all of this merely underlines the growing propagandist character of UN. That this trend will transform UN into a bar of moral opinion is a sanguine but distant hope. The fact remains that UN has yet to intervene effectively in any serious conflict; it has yet to prove its worth not only in political disputes but in the menacing question of modern destructive weapons. But this meeting may serve one desirable end: it may finally drive together a great block of nations which through sheer weight may be able to preserve the peace.

Europe's Invalid

The political illness of France grows more serious week by week, and the emergence of a physician with drastic cures more imminent. A series of weak coalitions of the Centre to prevent the extremists of Right or Left from seizing power is creaking toward collapse. In the series of crises the party which has behaved with greatest irresolution and inconsistency is the Socialist party. Split within its own ranks, it cannot even adhere to the financial policies it has agreed to, and has ignobly supported the movement to postpone the October elections for the simple reason that it would lose seats. The Communists have embarked on a policy of disruption, fanning discontent of all dissident groups and pouring out anti-American propaganda to wreck the Marshall plan. Complying with the general Russian policy of keeping Western Europe in disorder, they have tried to sidetrack all efforts at French recovery, and the present strikes (justified in part by the rising cost of living) are

wrecking experiments. The person who is certain to profit by the vacillation of the Socialists and the nihilism of the Communists is certainly Charles de Gaulle, whose waiting period appears now nearly at its end.

The general economic picture is no less discouraging, even though French production in manufactures and food is about ninety per cent of pre-war level. Inflation continues and black markets flourish: public contempt for government has seriously injured the ration system and the collecting of taxes. This public resistance may be traceable to an inevitably heavy budget: increased welfare services, an over-stuffed bureaucracy, and nationalized industries running at a loss, have all swollen public expenditure. But most significant is the growing cynicism about politicians and the government of the Fourth Republic itself—an attitude that bodes ill for parliamentary government.

De Gaulle's Rally of the French People proposes to deal summarily with cynicism, the inefficiency, the instability and the Communists. What is being offered is, however, a *mystique* rather than a program, and although his accession to power would strengthen France's foreign policy, it would almost certainly provoke civil war. This is France's dilemma, for although the Bonapartist possibilities in de Gaulle are probably overstated by his opponents, civil strife could easily set in motion a series of violent repressions ending in the establishment of a military dictatorship. That is why it is not only politicians who distrust de Gaulle, even though his popularity has been growing, for his accession to power could mean the end of French democracy.

Canadian Defence

War-weary people the world over are once more girding themselves for armed conflict. They believe that in armed might lies the only chance of preserving at best an unsettled peace. Canada, because of her geographic position, is inexorably linked with U.S. defence, and Canadians have accepted the unpalatable truth that as a nation it no longer has any choice as to whether it participates in western defence or not. Events have thrown our lot in with Great Britain and the United States not only because of the similarity of our cultures and our way of living and thinking, but also because each nation is willy-nilly a part of the world's economic and social convulsion.

Individual Canadians will continue to worry, some from nationalist reasons, about the toleration of United States armed forces within our borders, about American upkeep of bases in Newfoundland and the degree of American investment involved in radar and other defence equipment in the arctic, but these voices are crying in the post-war wilderness. The tenseness of the international situation is, and will continue to be, the deciding factor in determining the extent and character of defence in this country. The belief that survival rests only in co-operation with our friends of the west in drafting a common defence program has arisen out of world events and is widespread. There is no alternative but to accept the risk and estimate the damage later.

In view of this, it is slightly unnerving for the majority of Canadians to read Mr. Claxton's statement of October, where, in discussing standardization of equipment, he assures us that "agreement is close on a standard screw already." We recall that arrangements for this standardization were reported to have been agreed on two years ago.

Labor Pains

Both our Labor Congresses met in convention this month, and both have gone political at least to the extent of adopting a number of resolutions, demanding better pensions, the re-establishment of price controls, subsidized low rental housing, etc., which can be implemented only by political, not economic, action. We should all welcome this realization of the urgent need for the working man's active interest in politics. It is quite logical for the Canadian Congress of Labor, which has now repeatedly endorsed the CCF, to adopt measures which are part and parcel of that party's policies. The Trades and Labor Congress, however, is still dominated by the Gompers philosophy of non-intervention as between political parties. It demands political measures and then refuses to differentiate between the party that advocates them and the parties which oppose them. That position, it seems, will become increasingly hard to maintain.

The headline issue at both Congresses was, of course, the Communist issue. For some time the Communists, who in the direct political field can have only a nuisance value, have been concentrating their energies on acquiring or maintaining their control over certain unions. Events in Czechoslovakia and in France have clearly shown the purpose of that effort. The officers of the CCL took a strong and uncompromising stand against the Communist and were supported by the vast majority of their delegates.

At the TLC convention the issue was bedevilled by the actions of Frank Hall, against the Canadian Seamen's Union. No self-respecting trade union body could possibly support his wrecking tactics in the middle of a strike in which the CSU, Communist-dominated or not, had a good case and the shipping companies a rotten one. He was very properly censured. But the result was confusion and a later resolution deploring the activities of Communists was only passed by a majority of roughly six to five. Another resolution called for help to Europe through the UN (a pious hope if there ever was one), and by implication criticized the European Recovery Program, to the delight of the Communists. All this confusion, though natural, is to be regretted. The issues are there, and they cannot be ignored.

Legal Decision

Labor will welcome the decision of the Judicial Committee upholding the validity of section 5(e) of the Saskatchewan Trade Union Act. The Act has been described as "model" legislation by organized labor and a contrary decision would have been a serious obstacle to workable collective bargaining legislation across Canada. But the decision has also a wider constitutional significance.

The John East Company represented in Saskatchewan the group of employers who were determined to resist trade unionism tooth and nail. The Labor Relations Board certified the local of the United Steelworkers as the representative of the majority of the employees in one of their plants. The Company was required to bargain collectively with them. The Company promptly fired five of these employees who had been active in the leadership of the Union. The Labor Relations Board after a hearing ordered the reinstatement of the five employees and the payment to them of back wages. The Company promptly seized the opportunity to attack the constitutional validity of Section 5(e) of the Act which empowered the Board to make the order. The Court of Appeal of Saskatchewan upheld its contention and

quashed the Board's order. Their ground for doing so was that the Board was empowered by Section 5(e) to exercise the powers and function of a superior court, the Judges of which could only be validly appointed, under the provisions of Section 96 of the British North American Act, by the Governor-General (i.e. the Dominion Cabinet).

The decision of the Privy Council reversing the Saskatchewan Court of Appeal not only upholds the constitutional validity of the Trade Union Act, but also rejects the theory that Section 96 is a constitutional straight-jacket putting it beyond the power of provincial legislatures to entrust to administrative tribunals of its own choosing, powers appropriate to such tribunals.

There are always some who believe that the courts and the courts alone should decide all judicial questions. There are a large number of matters in modern society of which the decision must be entrusted to the more flexible and specialized experience of administrative boards. Industrial relations are no more than a good illustration of such matters.

Section 96 is designed to preserve the independence of the judiciary and to reserve to Courts whose judges are appointed by the Dominion, the broad historical jurisdiction exercised by the Superior Courts at the time of Confederation.

The John East case insures that Section 96 is not used to frustrate the necessary functioning of administrative tribunals in the new fields where they are found to be appropriate. In Canada, constitutional difficulties and limitations have often been used as an excuse for governmental paralysis. It is fortunate that the present decision does not prevent Canadian Governments from employing the necessary and familiar device of administrative tribunals to deal with many of the complicated problems of modern society.

Overdue Reform

The ruined victims of stock market manipulation in Canada will cast a rueful gaze at the belated amendment to the criminal code of Canada effective November 1st, that makes manipulation a crime. As a class these victims who are commonly known as "suckers" are a silent class. They do not relish making public disclosure of the fact that they have been deceived by the lies which have been told to them by the ticker-tape and by customer's men.

Hereafter a single manipulator, not necessarily in conspiracy with others, will be liable to five years' imprisonment for deceiving the public by means of the ticker-tape as to the market activity or the market price of any listed stock.

For fifteen years manipulation has been a serious crime on the statute books of the U.S. The delay in making it a crime in Canada has caused ruin to countless thousands of Canadian investors and has enabled the manipulators to establish themselves in country estates and purchase racing stables. These victims bear the penalty of the slowness of the law to keep pace with the technology of security speculation.

Ends and Means

The Progressive Conservative National Convention has adopted a resolution strongly opposing any infringement of provincial rights. At the same time the party is committed to a wide program of governmental action, including the construction of a Trans-Canada Highway, the provision for a low-cost housing scheme, a national policy of development of natural resources, the operation of a national labor council and a social security program.

It is impossible to conceive of any government successfully implementing as broad and far reaching a policy without a high degree of centralization. In the field of social services, particularly, an efficient system must be administered from a national point of view if social waste is to be avoided. The political advantages to the Conservative party of an 'autonomist' provincial policy are obvious. A successful flirtation with the Quebec electorate can well be based on provincial rights grounds, and Mr. Drew is only too well known in Canada for his opposition to a strong federal government. Of the many contradictions inherent in the Conservative platform this resolution on provincial rights is most obviously due to political opportunism. You can't have your cake and eat it too.

Thumbprint

Four French immigrants, accused in France of being pro-Nazi collaborationists, and armed with forged passports, were squeezed into Canada by a special order-in-council. Ottawa practically admitted that great clerical pressure had been brought to bear; meanwhile, some Jewish D.P.'s in the same situation, except that nobody accused them of being pro-Nazi, were gravely sent back. When a government gets into this sort of dither it is probably time for it to take a turn in being opposition.

Twenty-Five Years Ago

Vol. 4, No. 38, November, 1923, *The Canadian Forum*.

There was a wholly unjustifiable run in Toronto on one of the chartered banks recently, and a number of our prominent bankers are attributing it to the Bolsheviks. They may or may not be correct in their statement, but they are ludicrous in their ignorance of crowd psychology. That run would have taken place had there been not a single Bolshevik between the Rocky Mountains and the Urals. Given the suspicion aroused by the hushing up of the causes of the demise of the Merchants Bank, the reduction in the reserves of two others, the widespread losses caused to small depositors by the failure of the Home Bank, and the somewhat hectic comments upon this event of two at least of the Toronto dailies, and it needed no Bolsheviks to start a run or to continue it. Some of our bank managers should really take from the Bankers' Educational Association a course in the meaning of words. No spectacle is so pitiful as that of a financier in a panic. If some of us became too fond of calling 'wolf, wolf,' and of dubbing any one who starts anything a Bolshevik we shall only have ourselves to blame for the lack of public confidence, if really revolutionary schemes are put forward.

STORMS BREWING—continued from page 170

under the Defence of Canada Regulations, and as premier of Ontario has been in continuous conflict with the dominion government.

Dismissal as a civil servant led to the premiership. The day came when Mr. Hepburn fired Mr. Roebuck, and Mr. Drew became chief lieutenant of a provincial Conservative leader to whom he had been convention runner-up. On the eve of the 1937 election Mr. Drew broke with his leader, the Hon. Earl Rowe, on a matter of principle and sided with Mr. Hepburn. The matter of principle was the exclusion of the CIO from Ontario, but it later appeared that Mr. Drew's real disagreement with Mr. Rowe had been on the latter's refusal to form a coalition with Hepburn in which Mr. Drew would have been attorney-general. Mr. Drew had advocated

a coalition with Hepburn which would be strong enough "to do away with legislation that now deprives the people of access to the courts" and to effect reforms in the civil service and the administration of the Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario. Mr. Rowe said that "Colonel Drew finally stated to me the time had come to end the two-party system in Ontario." Thriving as usual on controversy, Mr. Drew went down to defeat as an independent Conservative candidate in his home riding, but became Ontario leader of the party the following year.

Mr. Drew was a supporter of "National Government" in 1940, but he was a non-coalitionist as leader of the largest party in the Ontario legislature in 1943. He said that under war conditions the other parties would not dare force another election. When they did force an election in 1945 the "Gestapo" charges against him, apparently because of their election-eve timing, turned out to his advantage and gave him a legislature majority.

His quarrel with the dominion government has no doubt contributed to Mr. Drew's volte-face in the matter of provincial rights. There is also of course the wooing of Quebec. As dominion Conservative leader he is now decrying "centralism, socialism and communism." When he became Ontario leader ten years ago he said: "My particular aim is to succeed in assisting national unity by ending duplication of unnecessary services, and voluntarily giving up powers which interfere with social legislation, and (to) develop our natural resources." He had said in 1936 that Canada must eliminate the costly inefficiency of ten governments doing, in most cases, the job of one, or else sink in the rising tide of fascism. There was a "ridiculous overlapping of government," and "surely something must be rotten in Denmark when 20 cabinet ministers can control 45,000,000 people in Britain and we need over 100 to direct the affairs of less than a quarter of that population. This tremendous overhead and duplication of government is the fault of no one party. But we must decide whether we are to have nine nations or one."

Mr. Drew's position is like that of a man who has written a number of books, and his opponents will be able to quote him frequently to his disadvantage and embarrassment. He has denied the "defeated race" statement he is alleged to



have made in an East Hastings provincial by-election, but that will not prevent its being used against him in Quebec. His emphasis on British immigration may not help him there either. It may be possible to quote him embarrassingly on military conscription. His 1944 denunciation of the "iniquitous" family allowances bill he explained in 1945 as an objection to federal intrusion into provincial jurisdiction. He wanted "a proper system of family allowances and also the rights of the people of Ontario (to) be protected."

Mr. Drew has two millstones around his neck: first, many of his own hasty utterances apparently made before he began to think seriously of national office; and, second, some of the planks of the latest Progressive-Conservative platform—but he has a tough neck. He thrives on charges and counter-charges. In Ontario he was able to shake off solemn labor, housing and farm commitments he did not like, and still win popular endorsement. He was able to survive personal defeats. His record would indicate that he is likely to keep on fighting in the federal field until he reaches the top, whether by fusion with or confusion to his enemies.

Mackenzie King of Canada

H. S. Ferns PART I

► THE RT. HON. WILLIAM LYON MACKENZIE KING, the Prime Minister of the Dominion of Canada, has retired from the leadership of the Liberal Party. He will doubtless retire from the office of Prime Minister shortly, and thus terminate a tenure of power which has lasted longer than that of any living politician with the exception of Joseph Stalin and longer than that of any parliamentarian in the history of the British Empire and Commonwealth. Only hereditary sovereigns of the past can claim a longer command of the chief power of a state.

This record has been achieved in an age of unusual political instability, of revolution and of world war. The life of the average politician rising to the control of a state in our world is seldom dull, but it is often brutish and short. With Mackenzie King, life has been otherwise. Today he still walks the streets of Ottawa unattended by secret service operatives or policemen. His old fashioned Victorian home is guarded by a solitary constable of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, who sits in a little cubby hole inside the side entrance of the house. It is explained, officially, that the constable is there because Mr. King's home, where he does a good deal of his work, is the repository of important state papers. Presumably the responsibilities of this constable stop short of protecting the Prime Minister; only his papers. This would seem to be the case. When an unauthorized person, in the shape of a harmless female maniac, once asked to see Mr. King, the constable on duty admitted her, something which the butler would certainly never have done had she called at the front door.

Mackenzie King's remarkable tenure of power merits study. It is customary among Canadians, even among Mr. King's loyal followers, to offer an easy explanation of his success; that Mackenzie King is lucky; that Canada is an easy country to govern; that Mackenzie King keeps his eye only on the main chance. None of these explanations, of course, means anything.

Canada is not an easy country to govern. Although Canada has never broken into the headlines as a scene of political violence, although it has fathered no unique political ideas, nor fashioned any revolutionary instruments of power, it is a country of great political complexity. In the eighty-

one years of its history, the Dominion has produced only three men who may be fairly said to have shown themselves equal to the business of governing Canada. This perhaps explains why each of these men enjoyed long tenures of power: no one else was equal to the job. Men of brilliant parts and strong personalities have failed where only MacDonald, Laurier and King have succeeded.

The complex uncertainty of Canadian political life is reflected in the fact that after eighty-one years Canadians have not yet been able to decide on a national flag. Parliamentary committees and national contests have been unable to solve the problem. A humorist has proposed what seems to be the only solution: the establishment of a committee of scientists and technicians charged with the production of a piece of cloth which, when viewed through spectacles issued to all citizens with their first family allowance cheque, will present to the view of the individual an agreeable set of symbols. Thus it will be possible to have a flag which, looked at through the proper spectacles, will reveal the keys and triple crown of St. Peter, the lilies of the French Bourbons, the British lion roaring, or, perhaps, a British bulldog chewing a cigar, the stars and stripes or perhaps the pennant of the American League, or the hammer and sickle. For some the flag could appear a pink blank, and for still others, just a blank.

In the last twenty-five years, a small group of intellectuals, anxious to identify themselves in the great world and yet frightened by the great controversies of that world, have preached Canadian nationalism. All their writing and oratory add up, however, to nothing more than praise for simple people and scenic grandeur. The maple leaf is the Canadian fig leaf. It is perhaps an ironic comment on the museum-like quality of Canada's spiritual life that Canadians should start talking about nationalism when the great world is beginning to abandon this prejudice in favor of even more dangerous ones.

The ideological curiosities of Canadian life are only contributory to the complexities of Canadian politics. The regional and class tensions which derive from the economic life of the Dominion are both acute and variable. Like the United States, Canada stretches across a great continent of variegated resources. This, coupled with the uneven economic development imposed by geography and technological change, have created disharmonies of interest which are some of the chief preoccupations of Canadian politicians. The rapid growth of Canadian industry, often under raw pioneer conditions, has created the class and social questions familiar to industrial capitalism. On the economic plane, Canada is, too, one of the great international powers dependent, for her well-being, to a usual degree, upon the course of world trade.

In these circumstances of the body and soul of a nation, a politician of national eminence encounters difficulties which only a person of unusual sensitivity and exceptional powers can handle. Mackenzie King possesses both the emotional sensitivity and mental power which are required for the task of government, particularly the task of governing Canada. He has trained these natural capacities until he has achieved professional excellence. In another connection, and before he occupied a place in the front rank of politics, King wrote: "Men have to be trained in the use of power, as they have to be trained in all else that requires skill and judgment." Like any champion, King's prowess is not accidental. He has studied hard to meet the requirements of governing a particular country in a particular stage of history. His opponents have paid him the supreme compliment of selecting leaders who are a facsimile of the master. Mr. M. J. Coldwell, the leader of the leftish Co-operative

Commonwealth Federation party is even more like Mr. King than Mr. John Bracken, until a few weeks ago the leader of the rightist Progressive-Conservative Party.

King had the natural advantage of a family connection with politics. His maternal grandfather was William Lyon Mackenzie, whom Canadians think of as a rebel or a great statesman, according to their point of view. Grandfather Mackenzie was an immigrant Scottish peasant shop-keeper turned successful business man. He became the first mayor of the City of Toronto. He fought for the principle that the elected representatives of the people should determine the character of the government, not the British Colonial Office in London and the interests supporting it in Canada. Grandfather Mackenzie failed to achieve the fame of Washington or Bolivar because his rebellion misfired. He fled to the United States where he lived in poverty and exile. Eventually the principle of democratic control of the executive was recognized as a desirable policy by the British Government, and Mackenzie returned to Canada to die a citizen, honored not by the nation as a whole, but at least by the faction which now benefited from the principles he had advocated.

Emil Ludwig, the biographer of Bismarck, Napoleon and The Nile River, once attempted a biography of Mackenzie King. Apparently he could not find the drama in King's life which so abounds in his other subjects; he was able to achieve only a slim volume of little consequence. With a shrewd eye he was able to detect, however, a major influence in King's life—his mother. King's first published work was dedicated to his mother; his second to his mother and father. In assessing the weight of ideas in determining the actions of society King has written in one of his books on social and political questions: "It is from the reverence for life which men get from their mothers, and from the faith which a religion pure and undefiled imparts, that there comes the spirit of mutual aid through which the material interests of the world make way for the nobler aspirations of the soul." His mother's picture occupies the principal place in his work room in his home, Laurier House. His most intimate friend—perhaps the only intimate friend of his later life—is an old lady who bears a strong resemblance in the qualities of her intellect and her will, to his mother. One of the qualities he most esteemed in the dearest friend of his youth was, he tells us in his book, *The Secret of Heroism*, his friend's devotion to the "sacred memory" of his mother. Into the matriarchal pattern of North American life, which is gaining such strength that Mother's day threatens to replace Christmas, Mackenzie King has had no difficulty in fitting.

The daughter of William Lyon Mackenzie and the mother of Mackenzie King, was a woman of strong intellect and strong will. She played no part in public life, but it is evident from the memory of those who knew her that she left the sharp impress of her personality on all she touched, her son not excepted. No other woman, indeed no other person seems to have influenced Mackenzie King. He remains, apart from the influence of his mother, a uniquely self-contained individual. His writings, his political tactics, his way of daily life are unlike those of all around him. He is the familiar of no man.

Mackenzie King is a politician of a kind not often found in North America. In his aloof removal from the ordinary course of social life, he conforms more to the aristocratic tradition of Europe. A gregarious conviviality is considered one of the first requisites of a North American politician, and few men have achieved the first rank in politics who lack what is considered a popular personality. If they lack one, public relations men can create one. Mackenzie King

has been content to be himself even though he is neither a man's man nor a lady's man.

In the course of his life time King has created a ceremonial etiquette around himself which envelops him like a protective mantle. It is reserved for the friends of his college years—they are now very few—to address him by the familiar name of his youth, Rex. No political colleague, no civil servant, no visiting dignitary has ever called King, to his face, Bill, or Willy, or Lyon. Depending on his rank, he addresses King as Mr. Prime Minister, Mr. King or King. President Roosevelt, who considered it the prerogative of every honest man, and plenty of dishonest ones, to be addressed by the President of the United States by his first name, called King Mackenzie. This always seemed to those who know King as comic, the faux pas of a generous fellow rendered excusable because he was so likeable and eminent.

The etiquette he exacts for himself King accords others. His manner of address indicates subtle relationships. Some politicians win fame by remembering names and faces; King is a master of deliberate forgetfulness. His can disarm and insult a man with great effect by forgetting or mispronouncing his name. When King addresses a man as Mr. X, it means that the man is known and that he is worthy of attention. When the Mister is dropped, the person achieves a status of equality, or, in the case of an underling, a recognition of individuality and modest worth. A secretary has arrived when King drops the Mister in addressing him. With his cabinet colleagues King maintains his reserve. Even the greatest ministers of the Crown have been moved to say "Yes sir" to him. King in his turn calls them by their surnames. He has made few exceptions. The principal colleague of King's political life, and the Crown Prince of the Province of Quebec, the late Rt. Hon. Ernest Lapointe, he always called Ernest. There always seemed to be something respectful and ceremonial in King's manner of applying this name to the hearty old peasant to whom it was attached. On one occasion when King had to deal with a rebel in the ranks of his Cabinet he paused for some time before deciding whether to address the individual as My Dear X or Dear Mr. X. The final decision to address the letter accepting the rebel's resignation, Dear Mr. X was a sentence of political oblivion. On other occasions in dealing with insurgents, a decision in favor of My Dear X has meant that there is still a light in the window.

It is a comment on the strength of his personality, a strength very little appreciated by the mass of the people, that King has been able to impose these aristocratic niceties upon a following and an opposition so different in their manners from his own.

Although King does not belong to the baby-kissing school of politicians, his character as an exemplary of the middle class is well known. Few people may know King, but many know that he attends St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church in Ottawa—the old Church of Scotland, not the new fangled United Church of Canada. He makes no effort, however, to establish a reputation as a church-going man. He attends occasionally and he does not obtrude himself. He says his prayers, shakes hands with the minister, bows to his acquaintances, and goes home alone—a respectable gentleman of no pretensions.

King once remarked of his predecessor, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, that he had no wasting passions. The same may be said of King. In the honored tradition of the old-fashioned Protestant middle class he husbands his money, husbands his energy and works hard. Attention to his desk work is, in fact, something of a fetish, an assurance to himself and to the public that he is doing the best possible job in the best possible way. He does not smoke, and he does not like

people around who do. A prospective secretary once finished his career before it started by crossing his legs during an interview and offering the Prime Minister a cigarette. Nor is King a drinking man. Like most middle class North Americans of the generation now approaching old age, he is conscious of the "drink question," but being moderate in all things, his temperance is of a moderate sort. For the guest in his house, he can draw from an excellent wine cellar, the gift of an appreciative European government.

King's amusements, in so far as the heavy pressure of government work have for some years permitted any amusements, are like his personality, of a solitary and private sort. In *The Secret of Heroism*, a memoir of his friend Henry Harper, he quotes, with evident approval, Harper's words written while both were still young men: "With many people here in Ottawa, I fear the social round is becoming an end in itself, and therefore a danger to themselves and others."

"I am coming to the conclusion that if a man is to wield any influence worth while in this world, he has to cut this folly out of his life."

King has succeeded. He is never seen in Ottawa society. For relaxation he retires to his summer home at Kingsmere in the Gatineau Hills across the Ottawa River in the Province of Quebec. At one time he was a sheep farmer, not for political effect, but, from all accounts, to make money. Although he has long since given up farming, he still seeks to make his estate yield something; he rents a few cottages on the shore of his lake.

As a young man King was a serious student of the social sciences. He held research fellowships in the University of Chicago and later at Harvard. His original intention was, in fact, an academic career in the field of political economy or sociology. He has retained through his life the habits and techniques of a student, but even in this case, the use he has made of what he learned in American colleges in the '90s is unique. His cultural interests do not run along the conventional lines of the university intellectual. In the memoir of his friend, Harper, he has occasion to discuss books in which he and Harper were keenly interested. The authors he mentions were the luminaries of a generation which had already passed away when he was a youth: Carlyle, Arnold, Emerson, Tennyson and Ruskin. The only men mentioned whose fame was contemporary with his own youth are Lanier and Kipling. For Kipling he appears to have had considerable youthful admiration. Elsewhere in his writings he mentions the influence of William James and the excursions into the field of philosophy and politics of Louis Pasteur.

King's speeches do not reveal the influence of any contemporary intellectual or literary trends. His interests in books are odd and old fashioned. Indeed, he does not appear to depend much upon the thoughts of others. When he appealed to the Canadian Parliament to support the Canadian Government in declaring war on Germany in 1939, he closed his speech by quoting *in toto* James Russell Lowell's "The Present Crisis," written in connection with American Civil War.

Thus Mackenzie King emerges as a quiet, self-contained, personality removed, indeed aloof, from the society he leads and in some measure controls. His neat, well tailored and slightly old-fashioned clothes, his modest, courteous manner, his studied, dull way of speaking suggest a moderately well-to-do gentleman of the Victorian era—the solid citizen out of John Stuart Mill, the supporter of Mr. Gladstone, the earnest British bourgeois who believes in democracy, free enterprise and social welfare. This is the image. And yet there are in the man traces of different enthusiasms and different ideas. In one of his speeches many years ago, he

told his audience, with evident emotion and some pride, of the manner in which one of his peasant ancestors followed his lord, the Earl of Airley, in the cause of Charles Stuart, the rakish, authoritarian Papist who fired the last shot of the old order at the world of the British bourgeoisie. At one time, King entertained the notion that the present Earl of Airley, an obscure Scottish nobleman, might be a suitable Governor-General of Canada. He seemed to find it very affecting and romantic that the descendant of the Cavaliers should represent the Crown in a nation whose Prime Minister was a descendant of the peasant tenantry who flung themselves for the last time at the world of money, industry, sobriety and hard work.

The people whom King employs as servants, secretaries, and personal advisers are part of the image. They are gentlemen's gentlemen, respectable middle-aged stenographers who fear to wear colored nail polish lest they earn censure, earnest young men who try to think as he thinks, efficient non-smokers and non-drinkers. His most effective principal secretary was one who even shunned coffee and liked his tea extremely weak. Of them he demands complete loyalty, which must be monastic in its quality. Service must come first, before family, before friends, before extraneous interests. But into this band, who sometimes grumble beneath stairs, there occasionally intrudes the odd character. It is hard to know whether King is deliberate in the way he flavors the stew. Such a character is, for example, Charlie Quail, who was, during the war, and may still be, one of King's messengers. Charlie was, and perhaps still is, the jive king of Ottawa, a leader of a successful dance band and an officer of the Ottawa local of the Musicians' Union. Charlie is a flashy dresser, a happy extrovert, completely oblivious to rank, ceremonial and persons. He has disturbed Cabinet meetings by conducting the business of the Musicians' Union in a loud voice over the telephone in the outer office of the Cabinet rooms in the House of Commons. Once Charlie was on duty while the War Committee of the Cabinet was meeting. At one stage the Committee sent an urgent summons to the Chief of the General Staff of the Canadian Army to attend at once. In a short time a gallant Lieutenant General put in his appearance. Charlie half opened the red baize door of the inner office and shouted to the Minister of National Defence, "Hey, Mr. Ralston, your man's here!"

King laughed louder than any of the others.

How is it that a man of King's personality and character—a man so removed from Canadian society and so outside the average patterns—has been able to wield the power he has, and for so long? This is a puzzle to many Canadians.

Looking at the statistics, the Canadian people would appear to be an intensely energetic and dissolute nation. They make and consume probably more hard liquor per head than any people on earth. In spite of strict laws, written or unwritten, and censorious and well organized churches, the divorce records and the police blotters suggest a licentious and abandoned nation. Canadians make enthusiastic, aggressive and even brutal soldiers. Not a few Canadians are proud that the Germans described them as the British S.S. during the recent war. Some practices of their daily life suggest that they are superstitious, ignorant and self-satisfied. And yet in their inner life, in their religious impulses, if you like, the Canadian middle class, which has dominated Canada since its foundation as a Dominion, are none of these things. They are cautious, reserved, puritanical and soberly rational. Mackenzie King may not conform to the patterns of their daily behaviour, but he is a living image of their inner life. Mackenzie King is Canada. Early in life he discovered how to speak to the hearts of the middle class of

Canadians. That is one reason why he has survived longer than any other politician.

But there are other reasons. The success of a great artist in any field depends not only upon his grand conceptions but upon his attention to detail. In the daily business of getting and keeping power, King is a master of the political warrior's art. Unlike the United States or the U.S.S.R., or Great Britain, Canada has never had its political life simplified by revolution. Canadian politics are like the chess games Capablanca enjoyed most, where there are more men and more squares than normal. King knows all about the men and the squares. He is sometimes faintly contemptuous of the men with much bigger reputations, who play with bigger pieces on bigger boards but according to simple rules and subject to less complicated movements.

(Part Two of this article will appear in our next issue).

Toward Responsible Government in Jamaica

PART 1

Graham Cotter

► IN JULY of this year the Honorable Alexander Bustamante, Minister of Communications in the Jamaican Government and Mayor of Kingston, paid a visit to the United Kingdom. Ostensibly he was taking a holiday, but it emerged that his purpose was to discuss wider self-government for the people of Jamaica; though not, said he, dominion status, for he would not sell out his people for the job of \$10,000 a year which he felt would certainly be given him—Governor-Generalship! While in London, he is reported to have made such significant comments as: "This city is now really important, what with Mr. Chifley and me visiting it in the same week"; "I am pro-King"; and "I made £75,000 on Wall Street."

This is the spectacular man who has been styled "prime minister" since the Jamaica Labor Party won the first election under the new constitution in 1944. The Constitution, which was then termed an experiment, includes universal adult suffrage (for a population estimated to be 50 per cent illiterate), a bicameral legislature after the pattern of Parliament, and an executive council presided over by the Governor, on which sit members elected from the House, civil servants at the heads of certain departments, and two members nominated by the Governor. "Busta's" is an avowed non-socialist workers' party, and the political arm of the Bustamante Industrial Trades Union, which, together with the Trades Union Council, has taken the lead in bringing about increases in pay and improvement in working conditions. The Trades Union Council, on the other hand, is piloted by leading executives of the People's National Party, a socialist organization led by the brilliant and respected barrister, Norman Manley, K.C. The core of this party is the intelligentsia, and it has shown all the sincerity, theoretical powers, and class consciousness which characterize the intelligentsia.¹ The J.L.P. has hitherto lacked the ability to plan for the island much beyond the general encouragement of industrial expansion which is the aim of private enterprise. At the time of the election a Jamaica Democratic Party appeared to contest seats on behalf of the minority hitherto dominant in the political and industrial life of the island. No mention is made of it

The Canadian Forum presents in two parts an analysis of the current situation in Jamaica. The author, whose home is in Jamaica, is at present in the English Department of the University of Manitoba.

now, and Busta's support of the *status quo* has earned the quiet glee of the moneyed class.

A brief survey of the social background should help explain current political developments.

Jamaican society has its roots in a Christian European society on the one hand and an enslaved primitive society on the other. The European dominant minority, while passing on some of the material advantages of the industrial age, and providing the proletariat with essential laws and institutions, has proved itself, like all such minorities which rest on their oars, incapable of appreciating its true destiny or giving an adequate lead to the proletariat, and thus unsuited to retaining leadership. The traveller's first impression may be that Jamaican society contains these two levels and that there is no common meeting ground between them. It is true that the primitive lower strata frequently violate the ethical standards which are the supposed ideal of the upper; that in the country, harassed by exploitation, the industrious peasant often trusts the gentry more than his own race and class; that in the towns larceny is accompanied by outrageous deceptions worked on the ignorant; that marriage is the exception rather than the rule; that the prevalence of extravagant sects is as great as the widespread belief in and practice of witchcraft (obeah); that obeah itself is often an obstruction to the practice of medicine. These are evils for which patience, moral leadership, and education are the answers, and which the upper classes are increasingly unable to give. Where among the latter outright dishonesty is no greater than elsewhere, economic and social irresponsibility add to its effects; where education comes feebly and inefficiently to the proletariat, the ruling classes often deprive their children of it to invest in horse-racing and alcohol. Today the old evil of absentee landlordism is in a sense reversed by a sudden influx of displaced English plutocracy with surplus funds. There is a class of newcomers who reproduce cells of their superficial society among the already spoiling nests of those who have worked in the island for generations. For this reason, though the American and English tourist trade is expected to bring great wealth, it is also likely to bring increased color discrimination and to increase lazy and servile habits among the caterers to it. Lastly, it is significant that the dominant minority is rapidly losing interest in religion.

This picture of the extremes of society does not deny that there are responsible and energetic persons of poor or wealthy origin, nor imply that the professional and middle classes are model. But here, it seems, is a good illustration of Toynbee's reasoning: for example, his argument that the distinctive feature of the proletariat is primarily its loss or lack of heritage. Hence, in Jamaica, such panaceas as the Back-to-Africa Movement, and the religious futurism of Jehovah's Witnesses. This lack of background enervates the class in its struggle to overcome its poverty of possessions and of education (ill-health and malnutrition are of course also to blame). Again the dominant minority, while still responsible in some degree², is generally so limited by this hereditary function of being dominant rather than

²The average upper class rural home is a practical school kept by the housewife, and her minions come to her as to a kindergarten and are in constant danger of relapsing into primitive habits.

¹The use of the terms "intelligentsia," "dominant minority," "proletariat," etc., is suggested by Toynbee's *Study of History*.

creative that it cannot effectually lead the proletariat towards adopting the heritage of civilization.

For some generations the middle classes have been developing professional and merchant groups. Thus, in relation to the upper and lower, they have more freedom of action; being so free, they are most sensitive to the polarity between the other classes and to the class determinants of both. Left to themselves, the upper and lower may either be hostile or let things ride: in the present state of agitation for better conditions they are often united in denouncing the middle classes who can do most to help them. This grouping into three general classes should explain the apparent alliance between Bustamante and the dominant minority, and their bitter opposition to Norman Manley and the People's National Party. Whether the political battles will be violent or peaceful, total or democratic, must depend in general on the temper of the people, and in particular on the quality of its leaders, whatever section they represent.

The emergence of political consciousness in the middle and lower classes, and latterly of political parties to represent them, has marked a peaceful revolution in the last ten years. In 1938 mass unemployment and a very low standard of living gave rise to serious rioting throughout the bigger centres of the island. A Royal Commission was appointed under the chairmanship of the late Lord Moyne, and its findings³ were so adverse to British rule that it was not thought advisable to publish them during the war. About this time Bustamante and Manley emerged as labor and political leaders. The former, having been, it is said, a policeman in Spain and a dietitian in New York, was peacefully engaged in the usury business until the government put brakes on his profession by limiting the amount of interest chargeable. Thenceforth, Bustamante's opposition to the government grew in intensity, and he found labor unrest a ready means. He built up the Bustamante Industrial Trades Union, a centralized organization dependent entirely on the will of its President, and with this he has considerably increased the standard of wages in many occupations, notably sugar workers. At this time he was advised legally by Manley. The latter was busy establishing the P.N.P., after a great launching at which Sir Stafford Cripps, present by chance in the island, gave it his blessing. This socialist group grew stormy, and it exhibited that advocacy of the class struggle as a major political weapon which is a foundation for communist activity. Its bitterness was increased by the governorship of a hard colonial trouble-shooter, Sir Arthur Richards (Lord Milverton), whose autocratic methods, however justified by the international and local crisis, served to justify this bitterness in the eyes of many nationalists. The local crisis grew so acute that Bustamante and certain leaders of the P.N.P. were imprisoned under the Emergency Powers Act. While he was in jail, Bustamante's affairs were taken care of by Manley, who now claims that Bustamante was offered and accepted freedom on the understanding that he break the P.N.P. (Bustamante's claim is that Manley tried to keep him in jail). The fact is that Bustamante was suddenly released from prison, and forthwith broke violently with the P.N.P. Since that time his power has grown steadily with the working class and the P.N.P.'s Trades Union Council has been in constant conflict with him.

Thereafter the one issue on which all parties were united was the framing of the Constitution. Jamaicans were deliberately given a part in this task and Busta and Manley both agreed to the main features. The Constitution was

granted and went into effect with the election of 1944. Looking back over the critical years of the war, as they followed on the initial rioting and bitterness, it seems that the strictures of military necessity, along with this widespread concentration on framing the Constitution, saved the island from serious bloodshed; and since this first stage of the revolution has passed without such bloodshed, and there is no deep-rooted tradition of mob violence, all parties hope that the next decade of development will be free from that political disease which has dogged the neighboring Spanish American Republics.

The Constitution marks considerable political advance over the previous Crown Colony government⁴. The electorate has been widened by a shift from a property qualification to universal adult suffrage. Thirty-two members are elected to the House of Representatives, which then elects five "Ministers" to the Executive Council; these are also Chairmen of five Committees in the House (education, agriculture, transport and communications, social welfare and health), and who together, as General Purposes Committee, initiate action in the House. The Upper House, called the Legislative Council, is composed entirely of members nominated by the Governor: five Civil servants and ten others. The Executive Council has, as well as the five elected members, three senior Civil Servants (Colonial Secretary, Attorney General, Financial Secretary and Treasurer) and two (unofficial) members of the Legislative Council. The Governor has a casting but no original vote; he retains considerable reserve powers for use in emergency only, and whereas the Legislative Council may hold up a bill like the House of Lords, he, unlike the King, may use these powers, with the approval of either the Executive Council or the Secretary of State, to make a bill law over the heads of either chamber, or he may refuse assent to or reverse a bill. The personality and discretion of the Governor and the instructions of Downing Street are still, then, vitally important. The present Governor, Sir John Huggins, has recently had his term of office extended for two years, a term which will include the election of 1949 and more changes in government: it is possible that the next Governor will be a Jamaican. Under this present framework Bustamante has been the elected leader of the government, and new leaders have gained experience in legislation and administration⁵. But it may be expected that changes will be made in the Constitution after the elections, giving greater powers to the people's representatives and reducing those of the Crown correspondingly.

(Part Two of this article will appear in our next issue).

⁴Jamaican (Constitution) Order in Council, 1944. See also G. Louis Byles, *The Jamaican Experiment*, in *Parliamentary Affairs*, Spring, 1948, Vol. I, No. 2... I am personally obliged to Mr. Byles for supplying me with much information and affording me additional insight into the possibilities of the color problem.

⁵The local governing bodies are the Corporation of Kingston and St. Andrew and the elected Parochial Boards, which elect their own chairmen, and on whom the Crown is represented by the *custodes rotulorum*, titular chief magistrates. Here also the franchise has been widened and new men are gaining experience in public administration.

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³West India Royal Commission Report, H.M. Stationery Office, London, Cmd 6607, June 1945.

Newfoundland Quiz

Will Kesterton

► IT SEEMS more than probable that Newfoundland will soon be Canada's tenth province. What do you know about her?

In the following quiz the idea is to pick the word or group of words that makes each statement about Newfoundland correct. To be really on the beam concerning "the Cinderella of the Empire" you should get 15 out of 20 answers right. If your score is less than that, need of further study of your prospective fellow-Canadians is indicated.

1. In size Newfoundland is the (a) fifth largest, (b) tenth largest, (c) twelfth largest island in the world.
2. Its two principal racial groups are (a) Irish and English, (b) Scottish and English, (c) Scottish and Irish.
3. Its capital city is (a) St. John's, (b) Gander, (c) Port aux Basques.
4. Newfoundland is the (a) second largest, (b) largest, (c) fourth largest island in the western hemisphere.
5. An outstanding Canadian poet who was born in Newfoundland is (a) Bliss Carman, (b) Marjorie Pickthall, (c) E. J. Pratt.
6. Labrador, which belongs to Newfoundland, is about (a) two and a half times as large as Newfoundland, (b) half as large as Newfoundland, (c) four and a half times as large as Newfoundland.
7. The brave medical missionary known as "the Good Doctor of Labrador" was (a) Dr. A. Philip Magonet, (b) Lord Lister, (c) Dr. Wilfred Grenfell.
8. The Newfoundland town of St. John's is on the (a) west coast, (b) north coast, (c) east coast.
9. Newfoundland is separated from Quebec and Labrador by (a) the Davis Strait, (b) Strait of Belle Isle, (c) Juan de Fuca Strait.
10. Admission to Confederation will make Newfoundland Canada's (a) third, (b) second, (c) first island province.
11. The population of Newfoundland is about (a) 70,000, (b) 300,000, (c) 700,000.
12. The area of Newfoundland is (a) 42,700 square miles, (b) 112,400 square miles, (c) 837,600 square miles.
13. An early discoverer who visited Newfoundland was (a) Christopher Columbus, (b) Estevan Gomez, (c) John Cabot.
14. Indian tribes in Newfoundland are mainly members of the (a) Beothuk, (b) Wakashan, (c) Tlingit group.
15. Commission government was brought to Newfoundland in (a) 1927, (b) 1933, (c) 1939.
16. Newfoundland's last Prime Minister was (a) Hon. F. C. Alerdice, (b) Joseph Smallwood, (c) Sir J. Hope Simpson, C.I.E.
17. The currency system of Newfoundland uses (a) dollars and cents, (b) pounds, shillings, and pence, (c) francs and centimes.
18. The most important commercial fish taken by Newfoundland fishermen is (a) haddock, (b) pilchard, (c) cod.
19. St. John's is one of the oldest towns in the western world. It ranks among (a) the first 7, (b) the first 3, (c) the first 5.
20. Possession of a foreign country nearest to Newfoundland is (a) Greenland, (b) Iceland, (c) St. Pierre and Miquelon.

ANSWERS

1. (b) Newfoundland is the tenth largest island in the world.
2. (a) Irish and English are its chief racial groups.

3. (a) St. John's is its capital.
4. (b) The island of Newfoundland is the largest in the western hemisphere.
5. (c) Dr. Pratt was born in a Newfoundland fishing village.
6. (a) Labrador is about two and a half times the size of Newfoundland.
7. (c) Dr. Wilfred Grenfell was "the Good Doctor of Labrador."
8. (c) St. John's is on the east coast.
9. (b) The Strait of Belle Isle separates Newfoundland from the mainland.
10. (b) Newfoundland would become Canada's second island province. The first, Prince Edward Island, joined Canada on July 1, 1873.
11. (b) Newfoundland's population is just over 300,000.
12. (a) Her area is 42,734 square miles.
13. (c) John Cabot was an early discoverer who visited the island.
14. (a) Newfoundland Indians belong to the Beothuk group.
15. (b) In 1933 Newfoundland accepted commission government in place of responsible government because of its financial troubles.
16. (a) Hon. F. C. Alerdice was the last Prime Minister.
17. (a) Newfoundland's currency system is now based on dollars and cents.
18. (c) Cod is her most important commercial fish.
19. (b) St. John's is one of the three oldest towns in the western world.
20. (c) St. Pierre and Miquelon, French islands, are the foreign possessions closest to Newfoundland.

AUTHORITY FOR INFORMATION CONTAINED IN ABOVE QUIZ

1. J. R. Smallwood, *The Book of Newfoundland*, Newfoundland Book Publishers, Ltd., St. Johns, 1937.
2. Lawrence J. Burpee, *An Historical Atlas of Canada*: Thomas Nelson and Sons, Toronto, 1927.
3. J. B. Brebner, *The Explorers of North America*: The Macmillan Co., Toronto, 1933.

The Chinese Puzzle

A. J. Brace

► THE CHINESE have come through eight long years of tragic and exhausting war, fighting against great odds with insufficient war experience and equipment. It was freely predicted at the beginning by experts that they could not last three months, but they contained great hordes of well-trained Japanese troops and modern air-craft till the end. Had they failed America might have been invaded; certainly the Japanese would have captured all of China, Burma and India. So the words of Churchill in one of his last war-time speeches is relevant: "We owe a deep debt of gratitude to these gallant allies of ours, the unconquerable Chinese."

I return often to Jack Belden's *Still Time To Die*. He was the author of *Retreat With Stilwell*, and knew the Chinese peasant soldier and loved him. Listen to him: "It was the peasant soldiers who restored my faith in China. As I came wandering down the Yellow River plain across the mountains to the Yangtse river gorges I came upon a division of Chinese infantry in the midst of launching an attack against the Japanese-held river port Ichang. The attack was delivered with such cunning and dispatch that it would have succeeded but for one thing—the Japanese used mustard gas. When I saw the Chinese soldiers rolling in agony on the ground with mustard blisters as large as tennis balls on their arms, legs and backs, when I saw them crawling over the earth, moaning with pain, to succor each other, and when I thought that without planes, guns, tanks or gas-masks they had delivered the assault in the face of this—then I knew that this race of people concealed within them a simple nobleness beyond all telling... That autumn before Pearl Harbor when I returned to Chungking and heard American officers bitterly cynical because their little-boy legend of China did not agree now they had seen it with the fact of China, I was overcome with feelings of contempt and

hatred for their lack of perspective and arrogance when they said these Chinese armies had never fought."

I know what Jack Belden means. As commander of a battalion of Chinese Labor in the First World War in France, I have seen my comrades, Chinese comrades, in sore straits, down but never out, not resigned and submissive, but full of pluck and hope. I saw these big coolies recruited from North China and Manchuria fight with spades and picks when the Germans broke through. They dug the reserve trenches behind Arras and Vimy Ridge, and laid barbed wire and stakes at the bottom of well dug and cleverly camouflaged pits in case the Germans broke through again. They did their work so well that our own Canadian engineer officers who laid out the tasks and had to examine and pass on the job, could not find them until they fell in themselves and had to be extricated. How the Chinese would laugh! They had the spirit of service and were great co-operators. Whenever we took in a battalion of Chinese workers we could release an equal number of white men working on communications to go into the front lines where they were badly needed. We had one hundred thousand Chinese organized into companies of five hundred each company officered by a British Captain, four Lieutenants and twenty-one N.C.O.'s.

Two books recently published are helping North Americans to resolve the Chinese puzzle. Freda Utey's *Last Chance in China*, does not mean China's last chance, but our last chance to help save China from Russian domination. She was a British communist who married a Russian, and lived in Russia six years until her husband was liquidated, after which she became an American citizen. She wrote *Japan's Feet of Clay* which opened the eyes of British and Americans to Japanese danger and exposed the falsity of Japanese pretensions. In this, her latest book, she exposes the danger which threatens both China and America from Soviet Russia. She says plainly: "Whatever progressive features Chinese Communists possess they are but pliant tools of Russian national policy and totalitarian ideology." This is backed by Dr. Sun Fo, son of the "Father of the Chinese Republic," who reported recently here: "Washington has lately sent special envoys twice to China in an endeavor to bring peace. It should have known that the Chinese Communists could not make a decision without authorization from Russia."

The second book is: *The United States and China*, by John King Fairbank. It is the latest in the series of the American Foreign Policy Library edited by Sumner Welles. Undoubtedly this is the most honest, scholarly and informing single book yet produced on China. The author has lived in China since 1932, travelled in 17 provinces, has studied the classics and history, and speaks fluent Chinese. As one who has lived there many years and helped translate China's classics, I can testify to the author's analytic, yet non-technical, presentation. He glosses nothing over, but gives both Communism and Nationalism their due merit and demerit. One paragraph illustrates: "We court disaster if we let our patriotic defensive measures against Russian expansion, or a purely doctrinaire anti-communism, dictate our China policy. Our policy must take full account of China's own process of social cleavage . . . We cannot remake China's society in our own image. We have to go part way in the Sino-Western adjustment. Those of us who believe in the American century are not used to this idea. But the Chinese people, when forced to it, will fight for Chinese ideals just as we will fight for American ideals."

China wants no foreign domination, neither Marxist nor Western. Last November in a "Gallup Poll" of a large Peiping University two questions were asked: (1) Do you

favor the present government? (2) Would you like to see the Communists take its place? On the first question the poll registered 90 per cent negative votes; on the second, 95 per cent. This is strongly indicative of the mind of young China. China will evolve her own system and will China-ize her politics as she did her Buddhist religion, with a Confucian set of practical ethical principles. One of China's modern thinkers said to me, "Christianity is helping us greatly by giving us both direction and moral power."

Notes on Sidney Keyes

Ronald Bates

► SIDNEY KEYES was born in Kent in 1922 and killed in North Africa in 1943. Yet by his twenty-first year, an age which for most artists barely marks the end of apprenticeship, he had produced an addition to English literature which is just slowly becoming understood and appreciated. Although only five of his *Collected Poems** are not dated before September, 1939, he is more than merely a war poet. A poet at war—yes; a poet on whom war made formative impressions. But his poetry is important enough to stand by itself without the bolster of that flabby sentimentalism which tends to smother poets killed at war, especially if they were very young.

In technique and subject-matter Keyes worked in the major Romantic tradition, without losing himself in fruitless imitation of his predecessors. He handled the central problems which had engrossed Coleridge, Keats, Yeats and Rilke before him—the problems of life and death, permanency and change, love and pain, and the poet's vision of reality—with an individual and firm insight. He was not passively submerged in the stream as so many fine but lesser poets have been; he mastered what he needed—the landmarks on the way to the new frontiers—and went on in the first wave. Firmly conscious of his tradition, Keyes was little inclined for radical experimentation in technique for its own sake although he made brilliant use of a dialogue form that was out of fashion with most of his contemporaries. What he did was to take the forms, advanced or established, that came to hand, and fuse them into a unity with his personal view of reality, which was an exploration of those artistic boundaries he referred to when he said: "These two (Yeats and Rilke) brought back reports from a kind of Ultima Thule of Romanticism, which suggests that there is even more—much more—to be discovered there."

Yeats and Rilke influenced Keyes, as he acknowledged. Rilke particularly. B. J. Morse, in *Contemporary English Poets and Rilke (German Life and Letters, July, 1948)*, says: "In the history of Rilke's integration into English letters he will always occupy a significant position, for with him Rilke may be said to have entered fully for the first time into the English literary consciousness. Keyes was the first poet to penetrate these enigmatic arcana (the *Duineser Elegien* and the *Sonette an Orpheus*), to steep himself so completely in their magic and mystery as to make them his own, and then to give tangible and sustained evidence of what they could mean to European poets." With the evidence of the poems before us, this is a fair and critical judgment.

Perhaps the essence of Romanticism is that the past, portrayed by memory in the present, is esthetically crucial. This view is certainly one way of looking at Wordsworth's dictum concerning "emotion recollected in tranquillity." It

*THE COLLECTED POEMS: Sidney Keyes; Mussons (Routledge); \$2.50.

is even possible that Wordsworth's definition covers both sections of the major literary cleavage, with merely an emphasis constituting their difference; the Classical approach laying the stress on "recollected in tranquillity" and the Romantic on "emotion recollected." (Is it because Wordsworth strove to follow his rule in toto that he often seems the most classical Romantic?) Whatever the truth of this, it is certain that memory and the past recollected have played an important part in European literature for the last century or so; witness *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu*, or Mann's search for eternals through his Biblical hero. One concomitant of this, speaking in terms of mood and not of grammar, is that no major work has really been written in the present tense. Kenneth Patchen and Henry Miller have tried to and generally the result is a curiously pointless, repetitious shriek. Keyes' work is definitely in a recollective mood; there is a calm acceptance and poetic shaping of reality in his maturely wrought lines.

The past, and the future conceived of as already past, haunt Keyes. How often the word "remember" occurs, even in titles: "Rome Remember," and "Remember Your Lovers," for instance! In "Gilles de Retz," one of the pivotal centres is Gilles' past, his memories of Joan of Arc. His dissection of "living pain" in his "commonwealth of pain" was infused with "God's anger like a woman" whom he recalls, "remembering the hammer's/ Talk in an empty vault." (In "The Foreign Gate," Gilles' problem is taken up again, "for pain/ Alone is true.") In "Time Will Not Grant," the question of death and dissolution is seen in the image employed by Keats, and presented as future already past. The poet's hand can mold eternals—from "A Journey Through Limbo": "The hand writes and the words stand/ As bright as glass—."

"But I am frightened after every good day
That all my life must change and fall away."

His vision grasps his own existence as passing, and there is the implication that when it undergoes change it becomes comprehensible.

Keyes wrote a number of elegiac appreciations of other artists which, besides their acutely perceptive critical content, definitely bring together the artistic role of memory and the problem of pain and death, particularly the death wish so central to Romanticism and to Rilke's work. "A Garland for John Clare" directly states the destruction of boundaries of time and death and affirms another Romantic image which we have seen before in Yeats' concept of the mask of the poet or in the more than discipleship Keats felt for Shakespeare's spirit.

"... there had only ever been
One poet—Shakespeare, Milton, Byron
And mad John Clare, the single timeless poet.
We have forgotten that. But sometimes I remember
The time that I was Clare, and you unborn."

This points directly to the major problem of death which gives such a clear focus to what Keyes called his "nearest misses so far," "Against a Second Coming" and "The Foreign Gate."

But the fusion of all poets into "the single timeless poet" was no final solution, as Keyes well knew. Time still would not grant "the unlined page/ Completion or the hand respite." But in the curious, almost naive, time-switch by which he identifies himself with "mad John Clare," he finds the direction which he followed much further in "The Foreign Gate."

The foreign gate is the gate of death around which clusters the dead of many battles, many wars, and in superbly

handled dialogue, Keyes presents a cross section of violent death; the epitome of our age.

"I rode to Naseby" ... "And the barren land
Of Tannenberg drank me."

"I fell on a black Spanish hillside."

"I was a barb of light, a burning cross
Of wood and canvas, falling through the night.
'I was shot down at morning, in a yard.'"

It is a warm poem, on an immediate level, but soon the normal temperature framework is disrupted and the reader finds that he himself, and ultimately all mankind, is really one with the soldiers Keyes apostrophizes as "my brothers,/ My shy bird-throated compeers and my rapid/ Talkers of youth." We are all, while alive, still outside the foreign gate; we "call unceasingly and never/ Meet face to face or learn the final word." But the poet goes through the gate and views those "presences ... / Death's great enemies, the undefeated." Here, for the first time so explicitly, Keyes correlates by poetic implication the death wish of our age and the Keatsian *dying into life*. But the poet goes no further, here, and veils his head and turns away. His only answer, he who has "no final voice/ To conquer chaos," is essentially negative, but it is a negation through which he could pass to further resolutions.

"But help or hope is none till the circle be broken
Of wishing death and living time's compulsion,
Of wishing love and living love's destruction."

It is not a dead end.

In "The Wilderness," perhaps his most fully realized poem, Keyes took another step along the road, and unfortunately, his last. The quest is still a powerful factor in his mind for the poem is addressed, in the manuscript, "I. M. Geoffrey Chaucer, George Darley, T. S. Eliot, the other explorers." And this poem is a real exploration for Keyes; a search that was only begun to be cut short by the unredeemable truth of death, the poet's death. The journey in "The Wilderness" is one of purgation; it is a way of fire, through "the red rock wilderness" to the burning metal bird, the final exploding vision of death and resurrection, the Phoenix. And the goal is never reached. What would have been the outcome if Keyes had lived and pushed on we will never know.

The journey is a renewed attempt to deal with the symbolic nexus between life and death which Keyes had already explored in "A Journey Through Limbo" and "A Letter from Tartary." The first of these, overshadowed by the sinister, Chaucerian figure of the nameless "watcher with the knife," ends on a note of almost cynical pessimism.

"..... I am your devil.
Four walk through limbo. Three will not return."

"A Letter from Tartary" is the last, wavering despair of the poet.

"..... O could I only turn
Back to those curious gardens ..."

But after passing "The Foreign Gate" there was no thought of turning back. A clearer vision of the ultimate goal and a firmer purpose is there, which gives "The Wilderness" its "flat direct style" which Keyes felt approached that of "Little Gidding." The misty, ice-capped heights of "The Foreign Gate" are replaced by the brilliant, dry colors of the desert. The poet puts the "gardens/ Planted by others" behind him, shakes off the "wishing love and living love's destruction" and affirms:

"We have turned in time, we shall see
The Phoenix burning under a rich tree."

The positive hope of final success is there, and not even the last stanzas, the indictment of our age and seemingly prophetic vision of his own end, can diminish the eventual hope.

"We go now, but others must follow:
The rivers are drying, the trees are falling,
The red rock wilderness is calling.
And they will find who linger in the garden
The way of time is not a river but
A pilferer who will not ask their pardon."

When Sidney Keyes died he had only attained the first major turning point in his poetry. The profound maturity of his work up to and including "The Wilderness" point to what would undoubtedly have been a rich and important period ahead. The quality of the *Collected Poems* is high, but the essentially unfinished condition of his poetic vision will keep him from the first rank. However, what he did live to produce should ensure him a firm place in English poetry.

Dad's Will

Philip Amsden

(SHORT STORY)

► EVE GOT THE NEWS over the telephone. The telegram was phoned up from the depot and so she rushed out as fast as her lame leg would let her to tell Ed, who was in the dairy washing out the separator. "He's dead!" she yelled. "He died last night at six o'clock!"

It was cool, almost cold in the dairy. Ed had just finished the job and was drying his hands. He did not say anything at all and she thought he had not heard. Or that he had pretended not to hear and that made her want to turn the sword in the wound. "He's dead," she shouted. "Your father died last night!" Then she saw his eyes were glittering and that they had overflowed and that tears were beginning to run out of them, and in them a look of sadness, just like a boy—despite his fifty years and his bent back and his bald head. He did not say anything but wiped his cheeks with the back of his hand. Again, just like a boy. So, without saying anything more, she went out. "He's crying," she said softly to the hired man, who just nodded his head and went out to clean out the barn.

Eve heard Ed putting the bottles of milk into the wire baskets and then a little later he came along the veranda into the kitchen. His hat was on the back of his head and without taking it off or looking at her as she washed up the breakfast dishes he went to the phone, turned the handle and rang up the telegraph office. Ordinarily she would have told him to take off his hat and he would have laughed and made some mock polite remark and taken it off, but today she was too scared, or she knew he would take no notice. After he had got the message for himself he crossed the room again. "Where are you going?" she asked. But he didn't answer, just opened the door and went out.

"Dad died yesterday! ... Mother' ... The grass was beginning to grow: he'd planned to start ploughing next week ... 'Died yesterday' ... 'Mother' ... He'd expected it. His old man was old, eighty-two next month ... Why shouldn't he die? ... This big tree by the big house—the tree they had spared when they were clearing the land. How many years ago? Together they had cleared most of this

land, ... forty acres. He with one team, Dad with another—his brothers had all quit the farm before they were twenty ... Then Dad too had bought a store and when too old to run it he'd pottered around the ranch, leaning on his cane, advising, saying: 'This is all yours, boy, when I'm gone.' Sitting at evening on the porch with Eve, smiling, stroking his short beard, lifting his eyes, smiling through the half-closed eyelids, joking, making you feel that was your home, your land, your wife, your love ... 'This is what I like—the store brings in the money—but this is what I care for' ... These big fields sloping down to the creek we made together ..."

The mountains far across the valley were blue against the heaven. The sun shone and everything was still.

He went through the garden gate into the big house. The rooms felt damp ... Should I pull the blinds up? Light the fire, anyhow ... Give the house an airing. Mother and Dad are coming home. Together. Dad in his coffin. Coming home from sunny California.

Out in the yard again and looking down over the fields, leaning one hand on the big tree. It's all gone to hell, really. Like me, like Evie. We're all old and run down before our time. These fields don't yield half what they should. To bring them back ...? No, I don't want it. We've no kids. We're barren; what do I want with forty acres?

"For thirty years you've been nothing but a hired man!" Eve's voice, shrill, contemptuous. He smiling, but burning inside. She lashing him—no children, no place of his own, Dad's boy, working for something less than wages. Jealous hell-cat. Yet Dad smiling at him, making them feel peaceful at evening, smiling through the half-closed eyelids, joking, making you feel that was your home, your land, your wife, your love ...

And now mine ... To keep or to sell. Sell, Sell, Sell. 'For Sale, 40 acres ...' Get rid of it. Ten thousand dollars or more and go and get a job, somewhere near Vancouver, a manager or foreman—and a nice little house for Evie. Sell this bloody land. What does it mean to me? Sell it for Evie's sake—make her happy—give her something. And if there aren't kids, whose fault is it?

But sell. Yes. For thirty years I've worked this land, working for Dad. Now it's mine. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow. Mine to sell, to break away, to be free ...

Crows flying leisurely over the clump of trees in the big field—slow flying, black-winged, plump, glossy birds ...

He and the hired man spent the next three days tidying up the place, burying the old tin cans, fixing the fences, mending the gates—for there would sure be a crowd to old man Hennell's funeral ...

"Such beautiful flowers! Would you like to see him?" asked Eve.

The hired man shook his head. He had never seen old Hennell in life and he felt no curiosity in seeing his corpse.

Mrs. Hennell was too prostrate to go to the funeral and so Ed was the chief mourner with Jack and Peter his brothers.

"Such a lovely funeral!"

Ed coming back, with the old man buried now, looked down across the valley before wiping his boots and going into the kitchen. Eve, taking off her hat and coat in the little bedroom of the cottage they had inhabited now for twenty-five years, looked out of the window too. "It's over," she told herself. "No more of this damn shack. No more of this blasted farm." Nothing had ever come out of it

she had told the hired man. "I often used to go and rub his leg, rheumatism, you know. But as for that bitch, his wife ...! He says I'm the only person who does his leg any good. And he's all the world to Ed."

But when they read the will Ed found the place wasn't his after all. He was to have all the stock and implements and the use of the land until his death—then it was to be sold and the proceeds divided amongst the old man's grandchildren. The shock was like that of a sudden and unexpected amputation. On their way home as they entered the stockyard feeling returned, and he suddenly stopped and banged his fist against the top of the five-barred gate.

"The old bastard!" he yelled. "The dirty old bastard!"

CORRESPONDENCE

The Editor: While reading *The Forum* in the library I noticed the heading "O Canada." It reminded me of Walt Mason's poem [below] written in 1908. Like my grandfather who came to Bruce Co., Ont., from Scotland, Walt's parents also came in the early days and he was nostalgic about them. Perhaps your present readers would be interested in the poem.

Clyde Nickum, Los Angeles, Calif., U.S.A.

In Canada, the land I knew,
When up from infancy I grew,
They're chopping down the noble trees
And using all the inland seas,
For water power for factories.
O Canada! fair Canada!

In Canada where roamed the bear,
Gay villages pollute the air.
With smoke and germs and things like those,
Where once the unstained forest rose
The housewife's hanging out her clothes.
O, Canada, my Canada!

In sylvan groves where once the owls
Were frightened by the gray wolf's howls
The whiskered farmer built his shack,
And shapes his ugly forage stack,
The frontier's driven further back.
O Canada, sweet Canada!

You see it all and nothing loath
You talk about your greater growth,
You see your beauties fade away.
The prairie flowers give place to hay,
The waterfalls grind wheat all day.
O Canada, proud Canada!

In time you doubtless will invade
Your arctic regions with a spade
And shovel all the snow away
So that the greedy grangers may
Plant squashes in the fertile clay.
O Canada, swift Canada!

You'll manufacture bricks and tiles
Upon your famous "Thousand Isles"
And harness down the scented breeze
That used to wave a million trees
So it will manufacture cheese.
O Canada, great Canada!

The dear old Canada of yore
No man shall see it evermore,
The Canada of fine romance,
Of woodland pomp and circumstance,
Of mighty deed and parlous chance.
O Canada, old Canada!

Walt Mason, 1908.

Film Review

D. Mosdell

► A MIXED BAG ... *Oliver Twist* is the fifth of Dickens' novels to be brought to the screen, and in spite of Alex Guinness' magnificent Fagin, the least satisfactory of the lot. This is because the producer chose to convey plot rather than atmosphere, with the hope that the first would automatically include the second, and emphasized Oliver's external adventures without attempting to suggest their effect on his personality; one has only to consider *Great Expectations*, in which the opposite choice was made, to appreciate the advantages of people over puppets.

Dickens' plots were contrived, elaborate, mechanically ingenious and as obvious as the insides of a clock under a bell-glass; he tinkered with them lovingly over the space of four hundred pages, and they were read in the same leisurely fashion through the long Victorian evenings by the fireside, with port and biscuits close at hand, and no telephone. But our two hours' screening-time ticks remorselessly by, and the inevitable happens: chunks of plot drop out; there is no time to explain who Monks is; characters like Nancy spring suddenly into some contradictory action without due preparation; and Dickens' robustness is thinned down into mere frantic activity.

His people, too, come out flatter and paler than we remember them from our reading. The rich Cockney flood of Bumble the Bailiff is cut down to such a trickle that his final "If the law supposes that, then the law is a ass" sounds as if he were reciting from Bartlett's Quotations. When Dickens created a character he used similes, personifications and allusions with all the prodigality of a rich and roving imagination; and most of this allusiveness is shorn from the character when he is transferred to the screen. Dickens says: "His red button of a nose;" the movies give you the nose, and you must supply the button for yourself.

Significantly, the best scenes in *Oliver Twist* are those which are infused with Dickens' strong sense of the macabre and the morbid. The workhouse where Oliver's mother died, and the coffin-shop where Oliver slept are reproduced with an enthusiasm which would have delighted their creator. Fagin, too, is much to our taste: grotesque, powerful, perverse. It is no accident that the scene we remember best from the film is Fagin's instruction of the boys in the art of pocket-picking; his lisp, his vulture's swoop, his evil gentleness, and the high, sexless laughter of the children looking on had the impact of a Hogarth print. For once the opacity of Oliver's character diminishes, and we see in him that quality which children have of being aware of the present only, the eternity of here and now, which makes them both more vulnerable and tougher than they would be if they had an adult's sense of perspective. This whole sequence was rather like a ballet, and the attic setting had something medieval about it—like an aerial crypt, if there could be such a thing.

The rest of the film, however, moves with agonizing slowness, in spite of the final wild roof-top chase, and in the final analysis has a monumental pointlessness; there is no

hint of the driving power of social indignation which made Dickens so solid and considerable a novelist.

In Leo McCarey's *Good Sam*, now, there were some characters and some scenes which would have pleased Dickens very much. The story itself is a silly one—Gary Cooper plays the part of a young husband who likes everybody so much that he gives them everything they ask for, even unto more than half his bank-account; his wife (Ann Sheridan) is upset because he keeps giving away the nest-egg they intend to use to buy a "decent" house in the country, in place of the ten-thousand-dollar hovel they are living in. It is the minor characters who make this film worth the price of admission: a literate and perceptive drunk in a bar who puts his trembling finger on the root of Mr. Cooper's trouble—all his good deeds go to bolster up his self-esteem—ego-fodder, nothing more; a department store executive; and a little old lady who is both funny and realistic. There is also a wonderful sequence in which Mr. Cooper, who has given away his clothes to the truthful drunk, and has drunk up all the change in his pocket, is picked up on Christmas Eve by the Salvation Army, and convoyed home to the strains of a rousing evangelical hymn. It is a foolish, funny and insignificant comedy after the fashion of *The Awful Truth*, and can be recommended to fill in a couple of hours between trains.

Recordings

Milton Wilson

► THE NEW VICTOR recording of Bach's *Mass in B Minor* by Robert Shaw and the RCA Victor Chorale will certainly replace the old version by Coates, which was not readily available in Canada anyway. In most respects, although not all, the new set shows a distinct advance over its predecessor. I have not listened to all of Coates' version, but the eight or ten sides which I do possess have given me at least a partial basis for comparison.

The chief advantages of the new set are its more recent recording and the greater precision of its orchestra and chorus. Technically Shaw is ahead all the way. The Coates' version, which must be twenty years old, produces whatever effect it does produce under the burden of dull, unclear reproduction. Moreover, this lack of clarity is duplicated in the performance itself. At least part of the muddiness of texture, lack of balance and general imprecision must be blamed on the chorus, orchestra and conductor. Shaw does not entirely avoid muddiness or lack of balance, but those moments when the chorus sounds confused or the orchestra fails to penetrate it properly are few enough considering the size of the work. Of course the reduced size of Shaw's chorus makes his task easier in these respects, although perhaps not in others.

The one place where Coates has undisputed advantage is the soloists. Shaw has nothing on his list to match Schumann, Balfour, Widdop and Schorr; his soloists are adequate, but they are rarely more than that. The bass, Paul Matthen, is impressive at times, and the contralto, Lydia Summers, does a good job with the *Agnus Dei*, but the tenor spoils the *Benedictus* and most of the soloists fail to give the duets complete coherence and point.

Opinions will differ whether Shaw or Coates has the better general conception of the work. Shaw is in line with the recent insistence that there must be no fussiness or misuse of dynamics in Bach. The voice line must not be broken up into a series of little crescendos and decrescendos. The

excessive markings with which nineteenth century editors used to clutter up Bach's pages have been thrown out. Shaw's Bach has no relation to the Bach we find in Czerny's still popular edition of the *Well-Tempered Clavichord*. The movements develop by means of long, unbroken, level stretches of sound. Coates, while not excessively fussy, varies his volume far more than Shaw. For a clear-cut example, listen to the volume contrasts in bars five to seven of Coates' orchestral introduction to the *Christe Eleison*. Shaw's volume is quite uniform here.

There is a point at which uniformity of effect becomes a mere lack of intelligent and sensitive phrasing. I do not say that Shaw ever crosses from one to the other, but I am aware of the possibility. Some listeners, therefore, may wish that all the performers in this work realized a little more deeply how beautiful and moving their material is. Personally, although I believe that this is a fine performance and one which any Bach-lover will get a great deal of enjoyment from, I am not convinced that it is final or authoritative. I look forward to an even better version in the future.

O CANADA

Wealthy citizens now being canvassed for advance donations to the 1948 Community Chest... could easily stand a whopping touch. Sums of \$50,000 and up wouldn't be a bit too steep from a few whose yearly net proceeds are many times the total welfare requirements... Those who get the most out of our private enterprise system—and are the first to defend its admitted advantages—ought to be the first to contribute willingly to one of its fundamental institutions.

(Vancouver Sun)

Paris, Oct. 14 (CP).—Senator Wishart Robertson said tonight he left the United Nations' chamber with "a lump in my throat" after 57 countries tacitly agreed Canada is second only to the United States as the most prosperous country in the world.

(Globe and Mail)

Llandudno, Wales, Oct. 7 (CP).—E. H. C. (Ted) Leather of Hamilton, Ont., today told a cheering Conservative Party convention to "get on the housetops, equip yourselves with the biggest Union Jack you can find and shout that you are proud of your heritage."

(Vancouver Sun)

Mayor H. E. McCallum said he hoped Toronto never had Sundays like those of Montreal, New York and Chicago. It had been said that "you can shoot a cannon off on Yonge St. on Sunday" and the Mayor hoped the axiom would continue to hold.

(Globe and Mail)

A suggestion that Shakespeare be dropped from school studies was made yesterday when the advisory vocational committee of the board of education discussed the conduct of students at performances of Hamlet and Macbeth at Eaton Auditorium last week.

"If the children prefer movies to the theatre, the board should take notice," said A. Ward, one of the appointed representatives to the committee. "They should find out whether the subject should be dropped from the schools, because it may be a waste of time to teach Shakespeare to the children."

(Globe and Mail)

Three per cent on Guaranteed Trust Certificates... An ideal investment for individuals, companies; authorized by law for cemetery boards, executors and other trustees.

(Advertisement, Globe and Mail)

Declaring himself a Communist, Salsberg said: "I think if Russia has the atom bomb, and if Wall St. knows it we'll have peace."

(Globe and Mail)

The question of the city removing ashes from commercial premises was ordered "filed" by the committee. "But this matter was referred to us by council," objected Ald. Brotman. "That's all right. File it until somebody asks about it," said Ald. Simonite.

(Winnipeg Free Press)

The only champion of the harassed Toronto resident was Ald. Lamport. "Toronto people are pretty clean," he declared. "They might just forget themselves for a while when they're having a good time, like at the exhibition. The streets here are as clean as any I've ever seen."

(Globe and Mail)

This month's prize of a six month's subscription goes to H. T. Allen, Fernie, B.C. All contributions should contain original clipping, date and name of publication.

Variations on a Tree

I

Confined to a narrow place
This consciousness, the Word
Is my predicament to be
Separate, yet joined
Single, yet twain,
Twined in the ancestry of roots
Yet roving in the upper space.

Or are there roots
Seeking to soak themselves in cloud,
Crying to the Lord aloud,
Stretching out for sustenance
Toward the sun's own countenance?

Invert the world! Now see it roll
Lightly on my palms
And I immeasurably deep,
Wading in pools of blue,
Dance branches in eternity,
Play football with the moon.

II

Tree falls in foam
On a far shore,
Spilling its coins
On the green floor,
An aspen bridge
The tightrope where
My childhood walks—
No room to spare.

But Island gained
Was world well lost;
No seething heat
No stiffening frost.

Into your arms
Tossed at last:
Branches of silence
Consign the past.

III

The tree is ego, yet
Leaning toward another
With mystery the same:
These twain are brother.

And two together go
Into the forest, with intent
To love and grow;
Branches embraced and bent—

Laying a shadow hand
Over world's woe,
Healing wounds with balm,
Only trees know.

Dorothy Livesay.

Four Men in a City

Through these four men, in the composite of the street's
mirror

Walk the green balances of their minds;
Shaded like an anvil of tongues, waiting on fire,
Some God with water will bring them their wilderness.

How the city breaches its envelope of animals
Roaming the new forest of neon lights;
The streets cut into sentimental, sliced homes,
The man in the plane views before he drops.

Four men in marathons walk the iron surfaces,
The kites of sewers tagging them to places.
Their city, blown by the undergrounds—
Weaves a net to house them like the birds.

The accident of riot exchanges in the mirror
The solid loops of men going out like soldiers
From the face of bursting cities, to fall
With heaven's rubber field into the streets.

They are gone, into the drains of Nothing,
Safe for the sly rivers stealing the lights;
Into the siren weeping with the crying children,
Who suddenly have no fathers and are dead.

Harry Roskolenko.

a. a. 4

Anchor the ships with a feather chain,
The gray ships, the long ships;
Cover their decks with cellophane
And swing their bows to the wind again
For the tidal surge and the fiery rain
And the last pull of the strong rips.

Open your door and fling it wide,
Your stout door, your own door;
Throw your gun and your knife aside
And envy the way your grandsire died:
A foe to face and no shame to hide
And no rot at the bone core.

Gilean Douglas.

The Street Does Violence

The street does violence to all proud and beautiful faces,
Mocking the dreamer smile, the april eye,
Touching the lips with a shiver of silence,
Turning the cheek to stone.

This hand that brings tomorrow at my lips,
This foot that seeks beneath the porous stone, the grass,
The long lilt of the hillside walking,
Are displaced here, by some grave alchemy.
The street does violence to the beautiful and proud.

F. Zelman.

TURNING NEW LEAVES

► IN THE PRESENT revival of Henry James, the reprinting of *The Princess Casamassima*¹, with a brilliant introductory essay by Lionel Trilling, is an event of great importance. For it is revealed in this early work that James, sensitively responsive as he was to the vibrations of his chosen social milieu, was no less receptive to the significance of new stirrings in European politics. The prescience of the novel, ostensibly concerned with conspiratorial anarchism, is quite astonishing. And it is not unreasonable to surmise that Mr. Trilling's own novel, *The Middle of the Journey*², a subtle exploration of the Marxian liberal mind, owes not a little of its insight to the perceptions of the master. Trilling's introductory essay to James's novel forms in fact a natural bridge in thought between the two books. *The Middle of the Journey* translates into contemporary terms the spiritual condition of the chief characters of *The Princess Casamassima*.

James was not blind to the injustice that has underlain centuries of Western history, but was calmly aware that Western achievement in the arts could not have come into existence without wealth and social inequality. This is a bitter truth and unpalatable to the liberal, as it poses a hard political choice. In James's novel, the princess, stricken with a sense of guilt, and determined to atone by political action for her one personal mistake (marriage for money), feels ashamedly that her own cultivation is "but the evidence of her immoral aristocratic existence and that art is a frivolous distraction from revolution." If necessary, the whole fabric of civilization, the fruits of a culture, are to be sacrificed to the welfare state. Paul Muniment, an aggressive revolutionist of the working class, and a man possessed of great intelligence, is quite inaccessible to the claims of art; ruthlessly using the Princess, he is the prototype of a figure all too common in the twentieth century. Between these two stands the hero, Hyacinth Robinson, a victim of social outrage even in his birth, but the inheritor in his personality of the artistic predilections of his noble ancestry. His tragedy, in a scheme which is possibly too symbolically formal, is to be the focus of the two irreconcilable tensions in modern society: those of traditional culture and the classless ideal. In Hyacinth's frail figure is concentrated the guilt both of society and of art. The liberal Marxist mind attempts to deny that these tensions are necessarily a permanent condition of human life, and prophesies that, in an egalitarian society of the distant future, opportunity will be given to all men, and humanity will be "raised to its richest and noblest expression." There is no doubt in James's mind on this point: the egalitarian revolution, in whatever form it may come, will be destructive of art and will ensure for humanity a state of dull grey mediocrity in which the arts will wither away. The anarchist Hoffendahl, says Hyacinth, "would cut up the ceilings of Veronese into strips, so that everyone might have a little piece." The emergence of mass culture with the spread of popular education in the twentieth century is an emphatic confirmation of James's forecast.

In the development of his theme, James writes in a style remarkably free of the qualifying involutions of his mature manner, and "the social texture of the novel is"—to use Trilling's words—"grainy and knotted with practicality and detail." For these two reasons the principal characters emerge as remarkably real and persuasive symbolic types. The guilt-ridden upper class sympathiser, the activist in

search of sensation, the "habitual" radical with his equipment of slogans, the amoral manipulator of men—these and many others make their appearance. For James is not naive: the alienation of one individual may be contrasted with the straight envy or destructiveness of another. Similarly he is aware that revolutionary movements are motivated more by the unconscious desire for power of an emergent elite than by the humanitarianism which they profess.

On the whole, however, James's emphasis is on the problem of art; Trilling, in *The Middle of the Journey*, extends further the investigation into the emotional origins of radicalism, and discovers reasons for that apparent moral sweetness (compact of innocence and goodwill) which, when coupled with guilt, produces a passion for man made good, for an "absolute humanity." This can, in its turn, give birth to a quite callous disregard of individual human worth and a ruthless desire for power. But the Marxist liberal, reacting from society's injustice, more frequently appears as a spectator of humanity, politically uncommitted, yet in sympathy with social overthrow. Sensing society's guilt, he excludes himself personally from the general guilt and makes a claim to political innocence which is in fact only an admission of living in a moral vacuum. This analysis, is not, with Trilling, mere invective, but the result of sober reflection, and he illustrates in the characters of Nancy and Arthur Croome a common type of American intellectual—well-informed, "progressive," bright, emotionally shallow and spiritually null.

The Croomes, who exhibit that reverence for The People and that "dandling of the under-privileged" so common in the pink decade, have never really ceased to believe in the Popular Front, and reserve their special horror for the ex-communist. But the latter has at least, at an earlier date, committed himself, touched stark brutality, and recoiled; they, having shrunk from political commitment in the first instance, cannot bear the reality of disenchantment. By a familiar stunt of intellectual contortion, they have managed to preserve their faith in the Socialist Sixth of the World, and resolutely refuse to learn about actual conditions in the U.S.S.R. This unwillingness to face stubborn facts is, Trilling concludes, only symptomatic of a more general refusal to concede that sin, evil, or even death, are realities of the human condition.

Trilling has undertaken a thankless task and will provoke much hostility, for the job of demolishing a habit of mind that has been growing for more than half a century is by no means easy. He has tried, in a fictional medium, to deepen the inquiry into the correlations which exist between personal psychology and political belief, preliminary work in which has already been done by Arthur Koestler, Edward Glover, C. G. Jung and others. Still, the mass state, with its digitizing of humanity, is here to stay, and the prophets of the mass state are among us, vociferating. Whether the alienated and guilt-stricken, externalising their inner maladjustments by rushing to communism, are endemic to the industrial state, or whether Marxian radicalism will starve from sheer lack of sustenance in reality, it is impossible to foretell. Trilling's book is courageous, as was that of James; *The Princess Casamassima* was condemned by the liberal press, and *The Middle of the Journey* will meet a stony reception in many places. But to label James a snob or Trilling a reactionary is only the silliest admission of being unable to arrive even at the middle of the journey.

J. C. GARRETT.

¹THE PRINCESS CASAMASSIMA: Henry James (introduction by Leonard Trilling); Macmillan; 2 vols.; pp. 381 and 321; \$7.00.

²THE MIDDLE OF THE JOURNEY: Lionel Trilling; Macmillan; pp. 310; \$3.50.

J. S. WOODSWORTH LETTERS

for biographical purposes. Will anyone in possession of letters written by the late J. S. Woodsworth communicate with The Canadian Forum, Box 2.

BOOKS REVIEWED

A PLAY ON WORDS and other radio plays: Lister Sinclair; J. M. Dent and Sons (Canada); pp. 298; \$3.50.

Many Canadians know Lister Sinclair not only as a playwright but as an actor, lecturer, and radio commentator. This very attractively printed anthology of his plays, his first, should increase both his audience and his reputation. For it, Mr. Sinclair has selected from among his early scripts (written before he was 26, between 1944 and 1946) twelve that Andrew Allan produced very successfully for the CBC, a group remarkably varied in subject and style; and the general reader will, I think, find them engaging to read, whether or not he has heard them broadcast. (No special knowledge of broadcasting techniques is needed to enjoy them; they are as complete in print as a playscript can be, and vividly annotated.) Students of radio literature may well place the book among the classics in its field.

Mr. Sinclair's versatility will perhaps surprise those who think of him only as a witty and freewheeling satirist. Two of his best known satires are in this book, "We All Hate Toronto" and the cartoon-fantasy "All About Emily," the goose that laid the golden eggs, and they are amusing to read just as they were to hear (indeed the tale of Emily is one of the liveliest entertainments the CBC has ever broadcast); but there are also more sober plays that reveal other aspects of Mr. Sinclair's mind and talent. The quiet drama "The Blood Is Strong" for example, about early Scottish settlers in Canada, is a sensitive, if slight, consideration of a human problem; and the documentary of "The Case Against Cancer" is a very effective piece of special pleading in a restrained manner that might be held up as an example to many writers of documentaries. There is also an intense dramatic essay on the atomic ultimatum, "You Can't Stop Now"; this was, the author notes, "by a very handsome margin, the first radio show on this continent to deal with the political implications of atomic energy in even the most elementary way," which is in itself a distinction. Broadcast arguments are, of necessity, confined to an elementary level, and the script fails in the end to be effective because the issue it discusses demands more of a writer and his listeners than an exchange of journalistic rhetoric, but its boldness and force are unusual.

In the same spirit of contemporary comment, and much more successful as radio drama, are the two dramatic monologues "No Scandal in Spain" and "Epitaph on a War of Liberation," which are the most ambitious and impressive literary performances in the collection. Here, the verbal skill and the strong sense of dramatic irony that are Mr. Sinclair's greatest assets, are most in evidence. When he is careful to prevent his power of rhetoric, which is a valuable and legitimate power in radio, from blowing up into bombast, he often writes movingly and memorably. There are lines in these monologues of uncommon beauty and fitness; as there are in his verse version of "Oedipus the King," which is also included, and which, by the way, should be brought to the attention of directors who want a comprehensible and actable text of the play to produce.

A radio playwright's distinction may be measured by his ingenuity in overcoming the serious limitations of his medium and his ability to vary its stereotypes. In these respects Mr. Sinclair's work is noteworthy indeed, for he not only has an imaginative conception of the possibilities of broadcast drama but he has the skill to write in a number of forms, effectively, and to suggest, by his example, what new things others might do. Moreover, it is evident from this selection that he has something to say to us on

a number of subjects usually shunned by his colleagues. A second volume—it is to be hoped that there soon will be one—might perhaps include some of his more developed and mature plays, and selections from his critical writing as well. It would be interesting to know what he would write in some other, more flexible and subtle, medium.

Vincent Tovell.

THE WINE OF ASTONISHMENT: Martha Gellhorn; S. J. Reginald Saunders (Scribners); pp. 325; \$3.50.

Martha Gellhorn's heart may be in her work but I am sure her eye is on Hollywood. In this novel she bites her lip to tackle something of the loneliness, horror, and love which flourished during a winter stalemate on the border of the Rhineland. The book contains a gallant young battalion commander, an attractive Red Cross nurse, a gentle nineteen-year-old waitress, and a Jewish lad described as "the handsomest man ever seen outside the movies." There is plenty of action, particularly in cheap hotels and car parks.

The character I like best is a young private, Marvin Busch, "concentrated, delicate-handed, and elegant" who eats broken electric light bulbs to entertain his friends. I was a little disappointed when I discovered that he doesn't eat the metal parts but he still stands for my money as the most original creation in the book.

Instead of the imaginative maturity which some of her writing has shown, Martha Gellhorn attacks a dirty war without troubling to scrape her mind free from the rubbish and clutter of adolescence. And instead of slicing her romantic baloney thin with a sharp, clean scalpel, or better, leaving it alone, she hits us over the head with everything she has. Too much of Ernest Hemingway may have given her indigestion for at times she is frightfully tough.

War, I think, is too complete a disaster for many young writers to encompass. Its horror is simply too vast and unmanageable. And too often the panorama of a battle-front proves too great a literary temptation for the writer to see clearly the individual man in torment. E. E. Cummings narrowed his focus to a pin-point and in *The Enormous Room* produced one of the great war books of our time. Arthur Koestler, although working with different material, employed a similar technique in *Darkness at Noon* by compressing the terror of the Russian Trials into a prison cell. *The Wine of Astonishment* is the product of a writer who has many of the instincts of a good novelist but who is unable to come to a focus or go beneath the surface to organize and discipline the content of her experience.

Samuel Roddan.

THE CANADIAN JAPANESE AND WORLD WAR II: Forrest E. La Violette; Saunders (University of Toronto Press); pp. 332; \$3.75.

This is a thorough sociological and psychological account of what the recent war meant to the twenty-four thousand persons of Japanese ancestry whose homes were in Canada. Professor La Violette discusses fully and objectively the reasons for the various actions of the government in its handling of the Japanese-Canadians, and the effects of those policies on the men, women, and children whose lives they upset. Beginning with the prewar antagonisms and tensions in British Columbia which formed the background for the racial hysteria following Pearl Harbor, he describes the evacuation of all Japanese-Canadians from the coastal area, the seizure and sale of their property, conditions of life in the interior settlements, and the various resettlement projects. He gives a detailed account of the so-called "repatriation" policy, and

the appeals to the Supreme Court and Privy Council, outlining the arguments on both sides and the decisions.

The book is intensely interesting as a detailed account of six crucial years in the lives of one Canadian minority group, but it is even more important as a clinical report of how Canadian democracy reacted under strain. The very objectivity of the report makes it the more damning. No Canadian who is concerned about civil liberties and racial discrimination will be able to read this book without a feeling of shame. Its record of the problems raised, the pressures involved, and the mistakes that were made provides invaluable case-history material which may make it possible for us to handle future crises in a way that will inflict less hardship on innocent people.

Although in most particulars Professor La Violette's account is full, accurate, and well-balanced, it has one rather obvious gap: it almost completely ignores the work done by the Co-operative Committee on Japanese-Canadians. Most of those familiar with the campaign to secure greater justice for the Japanese-Canadians regarded the Co-operative Committee as the leader in that struggle, and felt that it was largely responsible for stimulating and focussing public opinion. Yet the only reference to the formation of this committee is in a footnote (page 191) where Professor La Violette seems to have confused it with a Japanese-Canadian committee (possibly the Japanese-Canadian Committee for Democracy). No mention is made of the part it played in publicizing the issues and co-ordinating the work of various groups, although other committees which played a much less important role are mentioned. Even in the account of the Supreme Court case, Professor La Violette seems to have misconceived the part of the Co-operative Committee, for he refers to "the Japanese case against the government." If a new edition is considered, this oversight should be corrected, for there are many who feel that the work of the Co-operative Committee deserves wide publicity as an example of how democracy can be made to work.

Edith Fowke.

THE BOOK OF CANADIAN POETRY: edited by A. J. M. Smith; second edition; W. J. Gage (University of Chicago Press); pp. 487; \$4.00.

The word "anthology" meant originally a bouquet or nosegay of poems, a collection of lyric verse chosen solely on the basis of its immediate lyrical appeal. Mr. Ralph Gustafson's Pelican anthology of Canadian verse is a true anthology in this sense: it collects poems and gives the minimum of information about their authors. Mr. Smith's monumental work is of a very different kind, for which the word "chrestomathy" would be better, though it seems now

a little obsolete. Though his standard admission is still literary merit, he presents his poems also as documents in the cultural history of Canada, relates them to the development of the country and to literary movements elsewhere, and in general attaches them to various parts of their surrounding environment.

For Mr. Smith's purpose it is necessary to collect the important poets and present a coherent piece of their life-work, rather than to seek out the random or occasional poetic surprise, however delightful in itself. The second edition of his book is much more solidly and intelligibly constructed along these lines. He has been greatly aided by the fact that since 1943, when the first edition appeared, many of the best younger people have published collected volumes of their verse, so that contemporary poetry is in a far less tentative state than it was then.

About ninety poems have been added, mainly though by no means exclusively in the later sections. Malcolm Lowry, Douglas LePan are among the best of the newcomers, and their contemporaries who appeared in the first edition are far better represented. The addition of Pratt's wonderful "Witches Brew" and part of Patrick Anderson's "Poem on Canada," which originally appeared in this magazine, are to be warmly welcomed, and they help also to illustrate a curious predilection of Canadian poets for narrative and descriptive verse which seems to be peculiar to Canada, and which the average anthology would give little hint of. The first edition of the book was lengthily reviewed in *The Canadian Forum* for December, 1943, and all that need be said of this edition is that it is a considerable improvement on what was already a sufficiently remarkable achievement.

N. F.

REPORT ON THE GREEKS: Frank Smothers, William Hardy McNeill, and Elizabeth Darbishire McNeill; Twentieth Century Fund; pp. 226; \$3.50.

Early in 1947, the Twentieth Century Fund in New York retained a "team" of investigators to spend three months in Greece and report to the American people on their return. After a good deal of travelling about Greece in a jeep with an interpreter, the team has produced a capable and informative book, which is only marred—as one might have expected—by its having been written by a team. For the team, alas, has not always been in agreement, as they indicate from time to time by individual notes at the bottom of the page.

The book is at its best in its clear account of the sad material facts of existence in Greece at the present time. Agriculture is primitive, industry undeveloped, wages very low, the health of the people poor, and the problem of overpopulation critical. Before August, 1947, \$7,000,000 had been spent in Greece through foreign assistance, UNRRA and other, without making any appreciable difference in the state of the country's economy. According to the authors' assessment, it will take far more than the present American loan to Greece under the Truman Doctrine (due to end in 1948) to restore prosperity to the country; something in the nature of an ambitious long-term plan is needed.

From the political point of view *Report on the Greeks* is less satisfactory. It purports to be entirely objective and unbiassed. But the authors, like most Americans, have strong republican feelings and a certain anti-British bias; and they cannot resist presenting the guerrillas, when they pay them a visit in the mountains, in a strongly romantic light, although elsewhere the violence of the extreme Left is admitted. In a sensible note which sums up the true position, Mr. and Mrs. McNeill say: "As between Nationalist and Communist brands of violence, that of the Right tends

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to be highlighted and that of the Left glossed over. This is to begin Greek history in 1946, and overlook events of 1943 and 1944 when the Communists exercised a dictatorship over large areas of Greece, and executed and jailed their opponents more efficiently than the Nationalists are now doing." Such a balanced attitude does not prevail in other parts of the book, in which no doubt the McNeills had to compromise with Mr. Smothers, who is obviously well to the left of their point of view, and who emphasizes continually the repressive acts of the Royalist government.

The book is further handicapped by the short length of time it covers; events have already occurred since it was written which make it out of date in part. It also studies Greece with too little relation to Russia's strategic plans, and her tactics in penetrating the other Eastern European countries. The systematic kidnapping of Greek children by the Communists is not mentioned; perhaps it had not reached its present proportions at the time of writing. Yet this is a fact of great importance, for it demonstrates that Russia's plans for Greece are long-term, and that no talk of compromise with the Communists—such as the Greek Centre and Socialist parties propose, with the apparent approval of the authors of *Report on the Greeks*—will suffice. If a "reconciliation" were brought about and the Communists admitted to the Coalition government, obviously Greece would quickly become another Czechoslovakia.

Helen Garrett.

HALF-HOURS WITH GREAT SCIENTISTS, THE STORY OF PHYSICS: Charles G. Fraser; University of Toronto Press; pp. 527; \$6.00.

I dislike the title of this book. It is an echo of "twenty minutes with the poets" or "brief visits with the philosophers." (Mr. Hubbard slinks away.) I like the second part of this work, that is, the 527 pages. It is a very successful attempt at humanizing a science. The pedagogic approach which is similar to that employed by Conant in his recent work *On Understanding Science*, is to expose the historical background and scientific method which are behind every new advance. Thanks to his broad scholarship the author is able to present extracts from the original works of bygone physicists in order to vivify his story. In his hands, science is shown as a sequence of ideas growing from human minds. Too often under the clumsy touch of other popularizers science emerges as a succession of hard, discrete bodies, rather like the atoms of Democritus. Dr. Fraser has addressed himself to a large audience. The student will find enough mathematical shorthand to document the critical points while most of us will enjoy his clear story, which is touched with warm human sympathy and humor. Finally, the few who understand neither English nor cosines may look at the many illustrations. The book covers man's long struggle with the inanimate world, and ranges from the invention of the shaduf by the ancients of Mesopotamia and Egypt for lifting irrigation water, down to the perfection of the electron microscope a few years ago at the University of Toronto.

John Oughton.

THE VARSITY STORY: Morley Callaghan; Macmillan; pp. 172; \$2.50.

This is a sort of intellectual guidebook to the University of Toronto, cast into the form of fiction. The Warden of Hart House, a stranger from New Zealand named Tyndall, undertakes to find out just what it is that is distinctive about Toronto, and cruises about the campus interviewing professors and talking to students, getting the atmosphere and traditions of the various faculties and federated Arts

colleges. His conclusion—possibly a more sardonic one than the author really intended—is that what is distinctive about Toronto is precisely a lack of interest in distinctiveness. Tyndall finds everywhere a self-deprecating anonymity which is peculiar to Canada in general and Toronto in particular, and yet seems typical too of a general tendency to transform universities into research factories and scholars and teachers into quacking robots.

The initiated reader will be confused by assuming to start with that Tyndall is a portrait of Mr. J. B. Bickersteth, who held the office of Warden at the time of the story. It is clear, however, that Mr. Callaghan is not talking about Mr. Bickersteth at all, and that his Warden is a purely fictional character assigned to that office because in it he would have special opportunities for carrying out such an investigation, and for meeting staff and students with equal freedom. Yet a fair proportion of the people Tyndall meets are real people, sometimes referred to by their real names and sometimes perfunctorily disguised. Thus the boundary between fact and fiction is difficult to find, perhaps more difficult for the insider than anyone else, and it is hard not to feel that the book falls between the stools of fiction-writing and a straight reporting job. The latter would not necessarily have excluded the personal values which the use of fiction is designed to introduce. On the other hand, there is a great theme for a novel in the material of this book, and one would like to see a highly trained and experienced novelist like Mr. Callaghan write it. It is a pity to have one of his least important productions become, through the circumstances of its appearance, more widely publicized, read and discussed than anything else he has written. At the same time the book is extremely readable, and is an experiment in a form and theme as yet untried in Canada.

The illustrations by Eric Aldwinckle are admirable.

N. F.

SUCH IS LIFE: Tom Collins; W. J. Gage (University of Chicago Press); pp. 371; \$4.50.

Australia should be of great interest to Canadians of pioneer stock because there was a time in the 1820's when it was a toss-up with migrant sons of Britain as to whether they would settle in that country or in Canada. Many families were divided in that way; one or more sons going to each colony, and keeping in touch under postal handicaps until the rising generation took over and the association became just another family tale.

Published in Australia in 1903, this book has become the classic of their pioneer life, and has proved so successful that it is being reproduced for America by the University

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of Chicago Press. Tom Collins is the Australian version of our Paul Bunyan, and his name is the pseudonym of the book's author, Joseph Furphy, who has died since its publication. Furphy was born in 1843, of Irish immigrant parents, on a sheep station near Melbourne. He became a bullockie (bullock driver), one of the men who trucked wool out of the back country to the railway and returned to the great sheep stations with manufactured goods and food. Sleeping about fires in the open, meeting all manner of men, he acquired a vast amount of material, but he was an undisciplined writer. A voracious reader of the Bible, Milton, Goethe, Dante, Spenser, and all the classics he could obtain, he never used a simple word when three ornate ones could be woven in. The folklore, adventure, and romance of the pioneers are so overlaid with immature philosophizings and endless quotations that the interest of the reader flags. Purporting to be written in diary form, the first entry occupies 63 pages. As Canadians we may again acknowledge our debt to the rigorous and accurate simplicity of such pioneer historians as the Mesdames Simcoe, Jamieson, and Susannah Moodie.

Eleanor McNaught.

THE PRECIPICE: Hugh MacLennan; Collins; pp. 372; \$3.00.

The many who enjoyed Mr. MacLennan's powers of imaginative insight and firm handling of his materials in his earlier novels on the Canadian scene, and look for confirming evidence of his genius in his new novel, *The Precipice*, will be seriously disappointed. Mr. MacLennan lays his scene well, gives us three, perhaps four, very promising characters, and then is unable to do anything for them. The opening part of the book is awfully good: one reads rapidly with growing interest and a vivid sense of the possibilities that one feels are there to be developed. They are not, and the reader feels pretty flat. Dramatic scenes give way to episodic case-histories.

As in *Two Solitudes*, Mr. MacLennan has taken hold of one of the most deeply-felt Canadian problems and has created a situation in order to realize objectively the problem and its tragedy, and to suggest the lines which the fulfilling solution will take. The measure of his failure in the more recent novel, the measure of the difference between the depth and power of the two books, is that in the new one we look in vain, we look with an increasing sense of frustration, for the character that makes us feel with intensity all the inherent ironies of the situation. Athanase Tallard still stands alone in the role of a great created character in Canadian fiction. For MacLennan has finally showed his oneness with the majority of Canadian writers,

with far less mature and far less skilful writers, when he is brought to the touchstone of Canadian puritanism. It is, apparently, much easier for Canadians to look objectively, without blinding self-consciousness, at our cultural duality than at our well-established puritanism. MacLennan, for example, to throw into relief the narrowness and timidity of a small Canadian town, merely gets colonial all over—in the modern manner, of course—and romantically transplants us to New York, the big city wide-open to the bold drive forward of the self-made businessman. Carl Bratian is the one contrasting figure to the Canadian, and the American, puritan. Not that Mr. MacLennan advocates the type, but it is somewhat suspicious that Bratian is the only dominant personality held up against the Cameron sisters to reveal the limitation of their experience. Lucy's husband, Stephen Lassiter, takes such a part in the first half of the book, but it is a relatively simple part and quickly played out. For, to dramatize his heroine's growth from spinsterish passiveness to an adult acceptance of her whole personality, the author simply provides her with a husband and two lively children. It is as bald and conventional as that. This is too naive, too weak, coming as it does from the man who created the dilemma which was the life of Athanase Tallard. It has not helped us much further on in our struggle to get outside the self-distrust, and consequent irresponsibility, national and individual, which is part of the strange heritage of our colonial beginnings, a part we as yet only half-understand.

Patricia Owen.

GOLDEN MILES: Katherine Susannah Prichard; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 476; \$2.75.

The romance and high adventure of gold-seeking in Western Australia had ended with the closing of this book's predecessor, *The Roaring Nineties*. Getting gold from the ground has inevitably settled into the grim round of ruthless profiteering and oppression. In this well-co-ordinated novel we are presented with an earnest study of the labor struggles of the Australian miner.

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The owners had a Gold-Stealing Investigation organized, and when a strike was made the workers were stripped to see that they had not a grain on them, while the overseers pocketed samples with impunity. The leader of the gold-



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Eleanor McNaught.

THE ROCKING CHAIR AND OTHER POEMS: A. M. Klein; Ryerson; pp. 56; \$2.25.

When a complete collection of the poetry of A. M. Klein is published, it should include several facsimiles of his manuscripts. Freakish and irrelevant as the notion may sound, one cannot help feeling that some of Mr. Klein's artistry is lost when his own drawing of letters and words is lost. All poetry gives words multiple meaning: literal, associative, mimetic, musical. But Mr. Klein's poetry gives one a startled feeling about the letters that make up the words. Fleeting, again and again, individual letters emerge with their own absolute meanings which are submerged within the words' sense but independent both of this and of the technical function of the particular vowel or consonant in its context. An eerie kind of buried wit is the result, particularly in "Winter Night: Mount Royal," and it becomes charmingly explicit on the very next page in the line "the horsemen on their horses like the tops of f's."

The precision of Mr. Klein's writing recalls Rubens' painting of lace collars and embroidered vestments, for very rarely does the detail distract one from a poem's total meaning. Like Demosthenes, Mr. Klein knows that everybody's speech is defective, and he has in his humility accepted Demosthenes' corrective pebbles. There are phrases here and there where the pebbles are just a mouthful, for example the "poised for parabolas" in the very beautiful poem, "Lone Bather." But one almost welcomes these bad moments, because they clearly establish what is wrong with a number of apprentice poets who have learned to mouth the pebbles without realizing what Mr. Klein knows so well—that their whole purpose is to discipline speech into clarity. Every poem in this collection is built on the iambic pentameter line, although almost every line is a variant of this rhythm, and the quiet shuttling in and out of rhyme and half-rhyme marks still further Mr. Klein's adaption of traditional English blank verse.

The tone he achieves is dispassionate but forceful. Nowhere is there a hint of the poet anxiously sounding himself and the word for solid ground. But for all his scrupulous directness, Mr. Klein does not fool either himself or his reader into thinking the poet an anonymous and infallible centre of perception. His rare *cris de coeur* are the obverse of lyric outbursts. For example "The Cripples," with such flawless lines as

"How rich, how plumped with blessing is that dome"
and

"God mindful of the sparrows on the stairs?"

ends with the deliberate monosyllabic dullness of

"And I who in my own faith once had faith like this
but have not now, am crippled more than they."

This ability to see and speak himself as simply and accurately as any other part of experience makes "Portrait of a Poet as Landscape" a great poem. One cannot read

it without wanting to see it ranged squarely beside Auden's best.

The same mature and acid tolerance distinguishes the portrait pieces, for example "M. Bertrand" ("Oh but in France they arrange these things much better") and "Monsieur Gaston" ("You remember the big Gaston for whom everyone predicted a bad end?"). The sadness that lies behind such insight is expressed directly in "Université de Montréal" with its luminous perspective of overpassed centuries, or in "The Green Old Age" where all living resonance is gone into bluntness.

All the poems in this collection have Canadian themes. And in our day which disposes of 300 miles in an hour, it is good to have the reassurance that the poet's world at least is not shrinking, and that his homeland is a human environment, not a preserve of sovereignty. In fact wherever its context remains wholly Canadian—"The Rocking Chair" or "Spinning Wheel" for instance—the poetry is a little dreary. The real excitement starts when the sugar maple is translated through shifts of fine metaphor, until it is certainly no longer the familiar national symbol the pious serve at last,

"thanking those saints for syrups of their dying
and blessing the sweetness of their sacrifice";

or again, when the grain elevator of the west stands out in a rich Oriental setting—the river's "white Caucasian sleep," the grains "Mongolian and crowded":

"for here, as in a Josephdream, bow down
the sheaves, the grains, the scruples of the sun
garnered for darkness; and Saskatchewan
is rolled like a rug of thick and golden thread."

So Mr. Klein can speak of Canada and sound the note that wakens vibrations through all times and places. May he publish soon a handsome volume cumulating all his work to date and including those facsimile pages.

Margaret Avison.

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